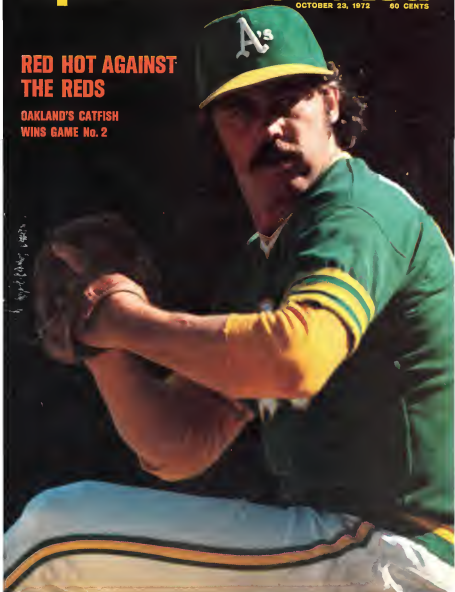


Sports Illustrated

OCTOBER 23, 1972 60 CENTS

RED HOT AGAINST THE REDS

OAKLAND'S CATFISH
WINS GAME No. 2



**This charcoal
filter gives you
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**Filter for better taste the Tareyton way
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Enjoy better tasting tap water with an activated charcoal water filter. Get this \$12.99 value water filter for just \$5.00 and two Tareyton wrappers.

Send check or money order (no cash) to: Water Filter, Dept. 21,
P.O. Box 4486, Chicago, Ill. 60677. Offer expires June 30, 1973.
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Enjoy the mild taste of Tareyton with the Activated Charcoal Filter.
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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
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King Size: 21 mg "tar", 1.4 mg nicotine 100 mm 20 mg "tar", 1.4 mg nicotine,
av per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. '72

Car financing, simplified.



Visit a Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick, Opel, Cadillac or GMC Truck showroom and choose the model you want.

Ask your dealer to figure out how much it will cost with the accessories and equipment you want.



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Then, after he does all the work for you right there, and explains the other advantages of General Motors Acceptance Corporation financing, just drive away, relaxed and happy, with convenient financing quickly arranged at reasonable cost.



GMAC
FINANCING

We uncomplicate things

In your own best interest—always remember, the most economical way to buy on time is to pay down as much as you can and pay the balance as soon as you can.
Your credit standing is one of your greatest assets—only you can earn it and protect it.



We showed Bob Blaisdell how to protect his family and his Dojo.

By day, Bob Blaisdell is a mild mannered school teacher in Weymouth, Massachusetts.

But by night, he dons his shining white "gi". And becomes a black belt karate expert.

Bob had two new babies to take care of. A toddling 10 month old son. And his newly opened Dojo (karate school)—that was still doing a bit of toddling.

The cost of supporting them both began to be a problem.

Bob knew he needed more life insurance to protect his family. But he didn't see how he could afford it—and still keep his karate school going until it got on its feet.

Fortunately, Bob found an insurance man who could help him solve his dilemma. Tom Murphy of John Hancock. Tom is a dilemma solver. He's been trained by Hancock to develop very creative life insurance programs to fit with a family's lifestyle. We call it Lifestyle Insurance.

He worked it out so Bob could get the insurance he needed now—and get more later when his Karate school could protect itself.

And, to show how pleased he was, Bob started teaching Tom Murphy's teenage son and daughter how to protect themselves with Karate.

The problem of how to afford life insurance without giving up your lifestyle is an old one for us. In fact, learning how to deal with the problem successfully is what made us one of the largest life insurance companies in the world.

How we can do it for you.

If you don't want to give up your lifestyle for your life insurance (and who does), call a Hancock agent and ask him how Lifestyle Insurance can work for you.

John Hancock
Lifestyle Insurance

Canon® New PRINTERS

We've added a trio of printers to our MP 131L. To give you the right print-out electronic calculators to do the right job. With advancements and features that make Canon and quality synonymous with electronic calculators.

Like raised CE and Plus keys in all three new models. So there's less chance for "goofs." A floating decimal system—so you can always work with full value of the decimal for more accurate answers. Fastest touch entry without jamming. And keyboards spaced just right for easy operation. A few of Canon's extra ways of showing that extra Canon care.

The TP 120 is completely silent. Thanks to its thermal print operation. Among desktop printers it's the smallest. It has an automatic constant for multiplication and division. Even repeats addition and subtraction calculations.

The MP 141 prints in two colors. A non-add key prints on the left side of the tape. Useful for all kinds of itemization numbers. Features include shift key, reverse key, add mode function and a memory for accumulation.

For more sophisticated needs look to the MP 142R. It has all the features of the MP 141 plus—a square root key, an extra memory and a percent key. You can add or subtract a percentage automatically. The MP 142R, as all our print-outs, has its own convenient carrying handle and detachable cord.

Our new trio together with the MP 131L is appearing at your nearest Canon dealer. See them in action. And get your answers in print.



Canon TP 120



Canon MP 142R



Canon MP 141

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Next week

A FRESH LOOK—provided by the fresh—has come to college football. Coaches said the youngsters could not help their teams. Winner Don Jenkins says, "Surprise. Surprise!"

A PAMPAS BULL spooking for a fight, Carlos Monzon is more than ready to take on Benny Briscoe. Edwin Shraake visits with the middleweight champion who is Argentina's pride.

A PICKET ON the 50-yard line will buy prestige and bliss, but a striptease before the TV set will only leave you naked. An excerpt from a pro football satire by Frank Deford

New Monte Carlo.

With the road manners of Europe's finest.



Monte Carlo S isn't just a different kind of Chevrolet.

No. It's a car designed and built to achieve special handling characteristics like those found in the great road cars of Europe.

Yes, our engineers did their homework.

The sum of which is a car with not only impeccable road manners, but a car with the elegance and confident handling qualities combin-

ing the best of two continents.

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be seen with and gratified to drive anywhere in the U.S.A.

We gave Monte Carlo S a greatly changed new suspension that gives you good firm directional stability and excellent road contact on curves.

We gave it radial tires.

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1973 Chevrolet. Building a better way to see the U.S.A.





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It's true that like everything else, some insurance costs have gone up... auto, health and fire insurance, for instance.

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There are some good reasons why this has happened. First, people live longer now than they did 20 years

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Incidentally, this doesn't mean that a policy bought from us in 1950 is currently costing more. We have automatically adjusted our dividends over the years, and so everyone's cost over the next 20 years will be at the new, lower level.

Talk about Life insurance cost reductions with a Bankers Life Nebraska salesman. There's no substitute for the kind of professional, face-to-face straight answers he can give you.

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WHAT WOULD I DO WITH ONE?

You can always cut firewood. But if you get a super-light-weight chain saw (like the Sears EXPLORER II), there's a lot more you can do. Like cutting and trimming trees



Or pruning big bushes. Or cleaning up yards and campsites. You can make things like log furniture. Or make a great patio or sidewalk with slabs cut from a tree trunk.

If there's a little artist in you, you could even turn an old stump into a totem pole, or something. And the list goes on.

called Power-Sharp®. It lets you sharpen the chain easily in just 5 seconds.

Other important features you'll want to look for in a chain saw include things like a barracuda chain. (It's the fastest cutting.) And automatic oiling. And a noise-



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AREN'T THEY HEAVY?



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lightweight. And now you can even get a super-lightweight saw (around 10 lbs.) like the Sears EXPLORER II. It's just as tough and hard-working as the big saws. But it's a lot more versatile and easy to handle

WHY HAVEN'T YOU BOUGHT A CHAIN SAW YET?

For openers, it's Sears finest super-lightweight chain saw. For seconds, it's got Power-Sharp® chain sharpening and all the other features you want in a chain saw. But can't get in most. Finally, it's a Sears product! Backed by the quality, dependability and convenient

service you expect from Sears.

See the EXPLORER II super-lightweight and the entire rugged line of Sears chain saws. They're at most Sears, Roebuck and Co. stores or in the catalog.

Model shown is #35233

HOW DO YOU KEEP THE CHAIN SHARP?



On most saws, the only way you can sharpen the chain is by hand. With a file. And a lot of spare

time. The Sears EXPLORER II is one exception. It has an exciting new feature



EXPLORER II
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BACKWOODS OR BACKYARD, SEARS CUTS IT.

Feel the Black Velvet.

Indulge the easy mildness,
the delicate smoothness of
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Black Velvet. The smooth
Canadian.



BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY, 80-86 PROOF. IMPORTED BY ©1972 HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CONN.

Which of these cities has the highest rate of high school dropouts?



Boston



New York



Philadelphia



Chicago



St. Louis



San Francisco



Los Angeles

Give New York the booty prize.

Almost half its students missing sophomore year, of public high school don't graduate, the highest dropout rate among these seven cities.

But even Los Angeles' lowest ranking rate is a substantial 26%.

Dropouts in these proportions cause concern. Raising such issues as whether the problem starts with the dropouts—or the schools.

And because there's a CBS Owned AM radio station in each of these cities, we share the concern of 60 million people about public education today. So we try to do something about it.

New Yorkers learned from a live-part WGBS Newsradio report how a spoken dialect like Black English can be an impassable barrier between children and teachers.

WBBM Newsradio in Chicago and KGBS Newsradio in San Francisco both concentrate on education news in special daily series.

WCAU Philadelphia is itself part of a school curriculum. Students come to the station for courses in broadcast communication, earning credits in English in this effort to make studies more meaningful.

Of course, making things meaningful is our full-time job.

Political science. History. Economics. Urban affairs. Earth sciences. Just about everything comes into the news and information people need now.

So we do our homework.

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in one or all of the six selected Monday Night Games. You can qualify for six separate weekly prize drawings. Enter as often as you wish, mailing each entry card separately. No purchase required. The rules on the attached coupon give all the details.

And while you're enjoying the game—in person or watching on television, don't forget to enjoy your favorite White Owl cigar.

Enter today. Let White Owl make you a winning Monday Night Quarterback.

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Over 6,000 Prizes.



**Quicksilver
Man.**

Grooved.

♦♦ The word's quicksilver on and off the track this year . . . and I can tell you why we wear those Quicksilver Slax everywhere . . . they look and feel exactly the way they fit . . . you know, they move with you! ♦♦ **BILLY VUKOVICH**, USAC Championship Race Driver.

BOOKTALK

Enthusiasts can welcome Prentice-Hall's new collection of Zane Grey's outdoor journalism

The name Zane Grey has a ring to it (more of a ring, certainly, than his real name, which was Pearl Grey. Any sap knows you can't build a legend and a fortune on "Pearl Grey"; even "Pearl Hemingway" isn't much). There are doubtless great collections of his books stored in attics across the land. If Zane Grey got to you at the right time you probably went through that whole collection of Westerns while the girls your age were reading Cherry Ames or the Bobsey Twins, and the boys you knew of a less adventurous bent were testing Tom Swift's electronic dog. But it would be interesting to learn how many sportsmen and conservationists, well-informed and ill-informed, owe some of their reverent idealism to Grey, when few who knew him as a novelist even realized he was also an outdoor journalist of amazing versatility. Now George Reiger, an editor for *National Wildlife*, has collected and sharply edited a selection of Grey's best journalism, in honor of his centennial year, under the title *Zane Grey: Outdoorman* (Prentice-Hall, \$9.95). It is a handsome book, with some 40 pages of fascinating photographs. Grey lived to the hilt in a golden age of outdoor sport, and the splendor recorded here affords the reader a pleasant, if jealous, melancholy.

Some will consider Grey's enthusiasm naive, but the judgment should be tempered by historical perspective. Grey was simply there "first," in a sporting sense, on so many occasions. For example, his was the first billfish over a thousand pounds to be taken on rod and reel. Some of his other saltwater trophies would be astounding if caught on modern tackle (one of the records still holds) and were absolute triumphs on the antique equipment he was forced to use. Though his greatest passion was billfishing, he was also expert with bonefish and permit, tarpon, yellowtail, steelhead and smallmouth bass. He seems to have lost interest early in hunting mammals, and his efforts in general lacked any of the snobbishness we associate with the international sports fop, though his sporting life was amazingly complicated and required much of the several million dollars his books earned him.

The writings make it clear that Grey was a conservationist as surely as Gifford Pinchot, and Reiger's selection is enhanced by a commentary preceding each article pinpointing the place of the sport in Grey's life—it is almost chilling to read how Grey once watched a school of seals so huge that it took two hours to pass his boat off Sand Key in Florida. Finally it seems fitting that the man should have died after exhausting himself in the practice fighting chair he had set up on his porch in Altadena, Calif.

—JIM HARRISON

SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

WHITHER DENVER?

The voters of Colorado go to the polls on Election Day to choose between Nasion and McGovern and also to decide whether they really want Denver to put on the 1976 Winter Olympics. If the voters approve a proposed amendment to the state constitution, further state spending on the Games would be prohibited. This would deprive the organizing committee of about \$4.7 million in funds. In addition, a pending \$15.5 million from the Federal Government would also go down the drain, since it depends on Colorado putting up state money. This would wipe out 60% of the funds needed for the Olympics. "It would be ill-advised to proceed in the face of such an obstacle," says Carl DeTemple, president of the Denver Organizing Committee.

So, what Denver and Colorado have is a lively election campaign. The anti-Olympic forces are many and loud; the pro-Olympic forces are close-knit, organized and heavily financed by a nervous business community. Fear of runaway growth, massive hidden costs and environmental damage has united the diverse opposition to the Olympics, and polls indicate that a vote taken now would send the Winter Games packing. But the Olympic boosters are spending \$150,000 in the election campaign, 40 times what their opponents are, and pressure is being applied where it counts most. "A lot of old debts are being collected," says one observer. "You can't believe the arm twisting taking place on this one."

COACHING THE NEWS

George Allen, forceful coach of the Washington Redskins, has been having trouble with the press. Sportswriters have discussed in print experiments Allen has made in practice, and the coach bitterly resented the articles. "Personnel changes are strategy," he told the press, "and I refuse to have anyone writing about strategies at my practice. You're help-

ing the enemy." He implied that reporters should be fans of the Redskins, supporters of coach and team.

He barred them from certain practice sessions because they would not agree to restrictions he set. Hell sort of broke loose. Finally Allen retreated and reopened the practices. But he said he hoped the press would understand it could not write about unannounced strategic changes, which would occur rarely, until Sunday, game day. The reporters were not sure they could agree to that, but they were mollified by Allen's uncharacteristic gesture of compromise, and an uneasy truce ensued.

RAPID ROBERT, BULLET BORIS

Mad scientists, chess nuts and other students of impossible possibilities have dreamed of creating a computer that can play chess perfectly. Prototypes have already been introduced, and while their games have been faulty, a whole school of not-so-mad scientists like Mikhail Botvinnik, who was once world chess champion, says it is only a matter of time before Superfisher Robot makes his debut.



Others say it is a matter of time, and there's the rub. They claim it is impossible to build a computer that can calculate all possible moves in a chess game. If you figure the average number of possible moves in a given position is 30 and then look ahead a few moves, the variations soar into the billions. In a 25-move game, well below the 40 to 45 good players average, the total number is staggering, even for a computer.

"Calculating 25 moves ahead," says Edward Lasker, international chess master and a mechanical and electrical engineer, "means a machine would have to generate a total number of moves in the order of 10^{35} [which means 1 followed by 35 zeros]. Even if a computer could operate at a million moves a second, which is 500 times faster than the most optimistic designer would consider feasible, it would take 10^{29} seconds to complete the calculation before each move. We could not wait that long, not even in chess. Since our planetary system came into being some 4.5 billion years ago, no more than 10^{14} seconds have elapsed."

What all this means is that chess geniuses such as Bobby Fischer and Boris Spassky do not play like computers; they do not make moves after exploring all variations in all given situations and only then select what they think are the best ones. Instead, like so many of us do in everyday life, they draw instinctively on their experience (immediately eliminating several billion possibilities) and make many of their decisions intuitively. You could say that, far from being exasperatingly deliberate, they are actually rather impulsive.

"Chess masters are not sure how a move occurs to them," says Lasker. "I must ask these people who think a chess computer can work if they have ever seen a subtle thought translated into a numeric program."

PRIDE OF WESTBROOK

Poor Westbrook High. Despite such sophisticated coaching aids as video tapes and detailed scouting reports of opponents, the Minnesota high school's football team had not won 24 games. Joe Garapola talked about Westbrook on the *Today* show, and *The Wall Street Journal* ran a story on its front page. Worse, girls' teams at Westbrook in touch football, baseball and volleyball had not lost a game in three years, which

continued

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led humorists to suggest that the school hurry up and get the girls out for varsity football. He, ho. But male pride survived. Ralph Merchant of the *Westbrook Sentinel* said, "Some of the kids got a little mad, and it didn't hurt."

Resurgent Westbrook blocked a punt, forced a fumble, turned in a 72-yard touchdown run and knocked off Conifrey High 22-8. Way to go, men.

REACTIONARY RUSSIANS

Male diethards were further cheered by an article in *Health*, a monthly magazine published by the Soviet Union's Ministry of Health. There has been a bit of controversy in the U.S.S.R. about girls playing soccer, with reactionary male elements complaining it was too rough and would render women incapable of motherhood, or at least wreck romance and marriage. In the October issue of *Health*, Dr. Natalya Grayevskaya, president of the Soviet Federation of Sports Medicine, endorsed that view. She said soccer would give women varicose veins, and that a hard-kicked ball could injure organs protected by the pelvic ring and "damage the functioning of the sexual organs." She also poured out that one of the ways to stop a ball in soccer, where hands can be used only by the goalie, is to block it with the chest. "A ball striking the breast is unhealthy," the doctor said.

SILENT AUDIBLES

The football team at Gallaudet College, an institution for the deaf in Washington, D.C., runs its plays to the beat of a drummer on the sidelines. Joe McLaughlin, a student who is referred to as an assistant coach by Head Coach Pat Baker, whacks a five-foot bass drum mounted on wheels which is moved with the line of scrimmage when Gallaudet has the ball. The deaf players would have difficulty understanding a quarterback barking signals in the normal way, but they can feel the rhythmic vibrations from the drum. In the huddle, the quarterback indicates in sign language what count the snap will be on. As the team comes out of the huddle and lines up, the drummer starts a steady beat. The players count to themselves and on the proper number the ball is snapped and they charge into action. The drummer, who does not know the key number, continues the rhythmic beat after the ball is snapped.

"Screen passes are a special problem," says Coach Baker. "Most teams yell 'go' when the ball is in the air. Our players can't hear and we don't want the blockers turning to watch the play. Instead, when the ball is released the drummer switches the rhythm to rapid cadence." A special beat after the referee's whistle sounds lets the team know a play has ended.

Baker says he has experimented with checkoffs, too. A direct signal is given to the drummer, who does not start the beat, which indicates to the team that an "audible" will be called. The audible is in sign language, of course.

"We've tried that twice and it's worked once," says Baker.

THUMB UP

The "free school" at the University of Maryland has a course in hitchhiking. The class is taught by 28-year-old Boh Berrio, who claims he has thumbed his way in almost every part of the U.S. and "been busted only once in the past 12 years." Berrio says of police he has come in contact with, "By and large, they're decent people." He advises students, "Be polite to police, don't carry drugs and stay off major highways."

COMMUNIQUE'S

Professional tennis is blasting off in all directions. The women seem on the verge of splitting into two major warring factions (page 85), one under the aegis of the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association and the other a well-financed independent group called the Women's International Tennis Federation, a Gladys Heldman production starring Billie Jean King.

Meanwhile, things are stirring, too, on the supposedly calm male side of the court. A group of Pittsburghers has announced the formation of the National Tennis League, a professional circuit of tennis teams that they say will begin play next May. The group is incorporated in Delaware for \$1 million and has put the price of a franchise at \$250,000. No franchises have been awarded, but Pittsburgh, Miami, Houston and Los Angeles are supposed to be all set. The NTL says it will stress colorful uniforms and equipment (white is out) and a 21-point game, as in table tennis, but it did not mention the names of the players it hopes to corral.

And then there is Bill Riordan, head of the U.S. Indoor Tennis Circuit, who

is organizing a troupe of professionals to rival Lamar Hunt's World Championship Tennis group. WCT reached an agreement last spring with the International Lawn Tennis Federation that seemed to presage peace for the sport. But Riordan says no. He says WCT and the ILTF have tried to monopolize the pro game. "They tried to make the world think there was peace," he says, "but this thing is a long way from being over." He said he had 40 top international stars on his side, including the Nastase, the volatile Rumanian.

And to think it used to be such a quiet, gentle game.

A LITTLE LESS LITTER

Pull-top cans became illegal in Oregon on Oct. 1, although a challenge to the constitutionality of the new law has been carried to the state court of appeals. An earlier challenge was denied in a county circuit court. Conservationists, who hope the ban will be echoed in other states, were elated. They have long argued that pull-top rings are a major and dangerous element in litter (fish, for instance, strike at and swallow the sharp-edged tabs). Now the conservationists have their sights on the plastic ring unit that holds six-packs together, which has become a practically indestructible part of the American scene.

THEY SAID IT

- Scotty Bowman, former coach of the St. Louis Blues now coaching the Montreal Canadiens: "In St. Louis, the players realized their limitations. They felt you were doing them a favor if you let them play. Here, with the established players, it's just the opposite. Some of them figure they're doing you a favor by playing."
- Nestor Chylak, American League umpire, on why he did not eject Detroit Tiger Manager Billy Martin for his violent argument over the Bert Campaneris bat-throwing incident in the pennant playoffs: "I didn't see him do anything. After all, I've only got two pairs of eyes."
- Chet Forte, producer of ABC's Monday night pro football telecasts: "We have a show-business show. We're competing against Lucy and Carol Burnett and a movie. If Don Meredith ever comes to a game knowing all the players' numbers and becomes wrapped up in X's and O's like the other jock analysts, we're in trouble."

END

MR. SMITH GOES TO BUCHAREST

And back with him comes the Davis Cup after a confrontation with Nastase and Dracula and other Rumanian horrors terrifying to a lesser man
by CURRY KIRKPATRICK

They fashioned the *Cupa Davis* into papier-mâché in Bucharest. They created silver-foil models of it, put it on pennants and posters, on ashtrays and soda-pop stands, on baby dresses and T-shirts. They made it into cookies and Davis cupcakes, guarded it with rifles, rubbed it, serenaded it, surrounded it with velvet ropes and stood long hours in the pouring rain just waiting to look at it. It must also be said that the Rumanians kicked some dirt on the cup last week and roughed it up a bit, too. But ultimately they did not take it away from the U.S. as they should have because of the contrasting performance traits of two well-known soldiers of tennis: the spirited relentlessness of Corporal Stan Smith, the puzzling collapse of Lieutenant Ilie Nastase.

After Smith crushed Nastase in the opening singles, after Nastase fell apart in the crucial doubles (somewhat dumb struck by the sight of young Erik van Dillen turning into a 155-pound version of Bob Lutz) and after Smith dispatched the flummox of Transylvania's own Ion Tiriac for the conclusive third point on the final day, the differences were clear.

The U.S. team, in defense of the championship, having traveled from the Caribbean to Mexico to South America to Spain and finally to this mysterious site deep in the Balkan interior, had, to put it simply, competed. The Rumanians, lying in wait on their home grounds with a bunch of thieving linesmen they must have recruited from the donor list at the local eye bank, had not. The Rumanians came to play, all right. But the Americans came to play tennis. And it all got pretty hot.

"Chokers," "quitters," "cheaters" was what U.S. Captain Dennis Ralston called the Rumanian pair. Though Rai-

ston is an emotional sort, there was reason to agree with him. Nastase and Tiriac, who had lost in the Challenge Round twice before on U.S. soil, tried every trick and swindle this time, but they only succeeded in stirring up trouble—for themselves. It was a bizarre aberration to present to their own Rumanian public, who, filled with anticipation, had flocked to the scenic greenery of the Progresul Sports Club and who deserved much better.

For weeks this populace had been guaranteed by the two players and anybody else considered expert in the game that the Americans would be easy victims on the faraway clay of Bucharest. "We should be 10-1 for favorite," was the way Nastase put it.

Tiriac was more descriptive. "The U.S. players not like the soft stuff," he said. "Wait till they see ours. Godzilla [Smith], he feel like he serving on the beach."

In truth, after heavy early-week rains flooded the Danube and left nearby villages wallowing knee deep, the sun came out and the clay was solid enough. Besides, Smith turned up as a much-improved player on the fudgy surface; he was able to serve and move and volley effectively throughout the competition.

Smith also managed to inject his own brand of connivery on Sunday, a chill, gray day that seemed made to order for the sorcery of Tiriac. In order to win the deciding point in a Davis Cup final for the fifth year in a row, Smith found he had to battle his own erratic game as much as the Rumanian. After losing

the first set he took the initiative in co-manship. On game point in the opening game of the second set Smith bluffed the referee into overruling a linesman's out call on his service. With another chance, he ace'd Tiriac to win the game. Tiriac, who could only admire such robbery, applauded with his racket, and Smith laughed and waved him off.

The American won the second and third sets, the latter even after being stripped clean on four different points by those marvelous line judges. But now he was bereft of his Anglo-Saxon cool. He lost his temper, made errors, faked wild swings at Tiriac and made unkind gestures at both him and the referee.

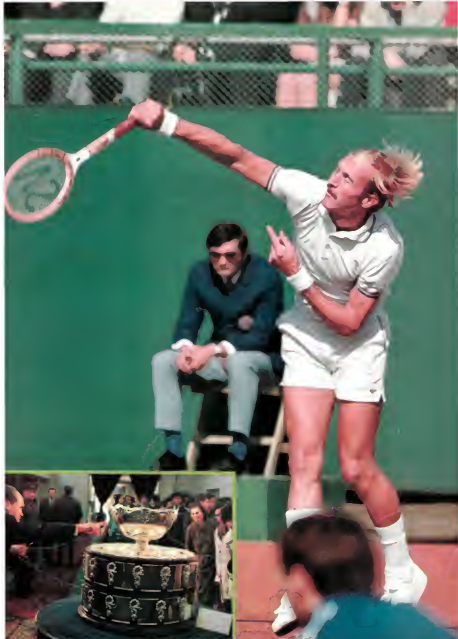
It was only after Tiriac won the fourth set that Smith came back into his groove. Calmer, he destroyed Tiriac, taking the deciding set at love and permitting the brooding giant across the net only eight points. The roaring multitudes who had disrupted proceedings all weekend with shouted protests and rhythmic clapping were finally silenced.

The Smith-Tiriac encounter went 4-6, 6-2, 6-4, 2-6, 6-0, and all that remained was for Nastase to redeem himself in front of his countrymen against a personal punching bag, Tom Gorman. This he did (6-1, 6-2, 5-7, 10-8) but it was long after anybody was counting. If Nastase ever wants to know what went wrong on this embarrassing weekend for Rumanian tennis, he need only ask himself.

This was the first time in 35 years that a Davis Cup final had been held anywhere except in the U.S. or Australia, and the only time in Eastern Europe. Be-

CONTINUE

The cup gleamed on display, but not as brightly as Smith did on the court of Progresul.



cause of rumors that Black September terrorists would make Bucharest their next target, extraordinary security was set up around the American team and its two Jewish members, Harold Solomon and Brian Gottfried. Rumanian President Ceausescu let it be known that "heads would roll" if there was a hint of an incident. As a result, the U.S. players walked, talked, rode in private limousines, took meals and practiced while surrounded by 20 unsmiling secret police, officially known as "translators."

"Translate for us, George," van Dillen joked one day to the players' favorite G-man. "Translate what that heavy object is sticking out under your coat." George did not crack his un-smile.

The American team lived in isolation on the 17th floor of the sparkling new Intercontinental Hotel. They were watched by monitored cameras. They rode a private elevator. They were not allowed near windows, and they disappeared nightly upstairs to eat meals with their guards and watch movies sent over by the U.S. Embassy. When they did go out it was only to practice or to the matches at Progresul. They left and re-



After winning a tough first set, Smith and van Dillen easily defeated their feuding foes.

turned by different routes each time. It seemed silly, but after Munich who is to say.

What the U.S. contingent missed outside was a city of such surface calm and lack of color and noise that it was difficult to imagine it as the home of two outrageously demonstrative tennis stars.

Though Rumania has been called "an island of Latins in a sea of Slavs," Bucharest itself is a kind of Balkanized Paris. It is considered fashionable to speak French there, to wear berets and to regard the gardens of Cismigiu Park in the center of town as a reasonable facsimile of Versailles. Bucharest even has its own Arc de Triomphe, near which Nastase and Tiriac were quartered in regal surroundings normally reserved for visiting dignitaries of the Communist Party.

Except for the native dress, which tends to be predominantly dark and lifeless, much of the Western world can be seen in the cultural fiber of Bucharest. Oscar Wilde is in the theater, *The Liberation of L.B. Jones* at the movies and *The Forsyte Saga* on TV. Vintage Cocteau Frances ("Stupid Cupid") is heard all over town and Ernest Hemingway comic books flood the newsstands. Most Rumanians are on a 7-to-3:30 workday. After that they crowd stores and trolley bus shops, where peasants sell steaming ears of corn out of paper bags.

Into these unfamiliar surroundings came the grandest competition in tennis, a culmination of the sport's five years of spectacular growth in Rumania. As

the 33-year-old Tiriac's popularity reached a zenith and Nastase showed signs of becoming one of the world's best, the number of tennis players increased more than tenfold. Alexandru Lazarescu, the secretary general of the Rumanian Tennis Federation, estimates that 25,000 Rumanians now play the game. "In historical theory, the people make interest in game and heroes," Lazarescu said. "Here is opposite. Nastase himself has created game and followers."

The city was in the grip of the Davis Cup. Officials tripled the seating capacity of Progresul to almost 7,000, and all those who could not afford Rumania's highest-priced sporting ticket ever (150 lei; about \$9.50 for the series) seemed to gather downtown at the spectacularly ornate *Central Army House* for the draw.

Beforehand Nastase, laughingly referring to Tiriac's age, said Rumania had "one and one half players." But the elder partner just glowered when informed of the remark. "Is right," Tiriac huffed. "I am the one and one half player. I play with burns all my life. "But Nastase alone should beat the Americans here."

Because of recent form and experience, Ralston had chosen Gorman over Harold Solomon for the second singles spot. He figured the U.S. could beat Tiriac twice and capture the doubles for a 3-2 victory. "Nastase should beat Smith on the clay," he said the night before the matches began, "but if Stan wins the first match it's extra cake for us. It'll be all over."

A bloodthirsty Tiriac assails the referee.





PHOTOGRAPHS BY JERRY COBAC

In the opener between the champions of Wimbledon and Forest Hills, Nastase began his netting routine early, but he was tight and nervous. He was leading 9-8 in the first set and serving when the Argentine referee, Enrique Morea, ruled double fault on the first point. The call unglued Nastase and eventually he missed an easy volley to drop the game. Smith held and Nastase double-faulted twice more in his next service to lose the set 9-11. It was not much of a margin but it finished the tie.

Smith dominated play from there, blanketing the net, giving the Rumanian only five games in two sets and, just as important, never letting the suddenly stunned crowd get into the match as he finished it off 11-9, 6-2, 6-3.

Gorman, who followed against the wily Tiriac, was not as fortunate. Despite losing some line decisions, the handsome Irishman was rolling along at 6-4, 6-2 and twice was a break ahead in the third set before his opponent finally began to show some life and broke back twice to tie. And now Tiriac, realizing the cup was almost gone before it had arrived, went to his bag of tricks.

Gloating at linesmen, sitting down, refusing to play, appealing for lets, Tiriac was a master of guile and deceit. He took the crowd by the neck, and led it to strangle Gorman. On set point against him, the American blew an easy overhead smash to lose 6-4. After the 20-minute break Gorman lost everything else—except his class.

In the last two sets the Rumanian

put on one of the fine tragicomic displays of his time. As the Balkan shadows turned to night he directed the crowd, which booed and whistled Gorman's backswing apart. He chanted "TIR-I-AC, TIR-I-AC" and hurled epithets at Referee Morea. Tiriac continued to intimidate linesmen, to stall and laugh, to rest and fume, to delay and, almost incidentally, to play some marvelous tennis. He himself called Morea every four-letter word invented and at one point even grabbed the referee and pushed him. He was, as he loves to say of himself, "Dracula—ready for bite." As Bud Collins of the Boston *Globe* put it, "Gorman needed a cross, not a racket."

On the sidelines the U.S. team, especially van Dillen, was in an uproar and began screaming curses at Tiriac. Some shady customers started down from the crowd toward the Americans but they were stopped by the ever-present "translators." Soon the slaughter was over 4-6, 2-6, 6-4, 6-3, 6-2. Gorman was in tears and Ralston was furious. "Tiriac should be thrown out of tennis for life," he said. "This is the most disgraceful day in the history of the Davis Cup." Smith was calmer. "Excitement is good for tennis," he said. "It just shouldn't take over completely."

Now the doubles on Saturday was the critical point, for surely Smith and Nastase would split victories in the final singles. The Rumanians, who had ripped Smith and van Dillen easily at Charlotte last year while taking advantage of the younger American's inability to return service, were confident. The Progress noise was tuning up and they planned to shake the senior from Southern Cal at least as easily as they had Gorman. On the other side, however, van Dillen was optimistic. "Watching Nastase choke out of his mind makes me feel good," he said. "If we get ahead early, look out."

Then all van Dillen did was go out and play the finest doubles match of his life. He lost his first service game and double-faulted twice in his second, but the Americans won it anyway and that was the extent of van Dillen's errors. He was decisive at net, quick on recoveries, creative and daring.

Nastase meanwhile was in perfect form. In the sixth game he walked to the side of the court to converse with the James Van Alens of Newport, R.I.,

who had been applauding Rumanian errors much as nearly 7,000 others had been screaming for American blood.

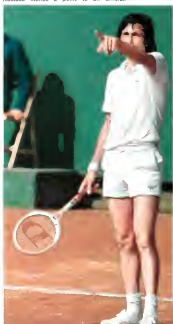
"Butch," Nastase said to Candy Van Alen, "I pay you five dollars," he told Jimmy. "You get out."

The Van Alens stayed to watch Nastase and Tiriac lose 11 straight games and the match 6-2, 6-0, 6-3. Tiriac, looking stiff after his theatrics of the night before, held service only one time, while Nastase stayed out of position much of the afternoon and was a pitiful target the rest. It was over in 67 minutes and with it went all Rumanian hopes for the cup.

The American winners had the usual worn phrases prepared about team and spirit and sacrifices being "worth it," but that is the kind of stuff that truly makes the difference in the Davis Cup. Nastase and Tiriac might take note. While they were being routed in the doubles, they stopped speaking. From the fifth game forward, Nastase refused to wait for Tiriac as the teams changed courts. Finally it had come down to that. The Rumanians were swindling each other.

END

Nastase makes a point to an official.



A BIG BEGINNING FOR THE LITTLE LEAGUE

Battered and far from home, the underdog Oakland A's turned out to be merely underrated as they pounced on Cincinnati **by RON FIMRITE**

The American League pennant the Oakland A's carried bravely into the World Series last weekend was a tattered standard. The A's paid dearly for it in bone and muscle and mental anguish, but what they got in return, the experts were now saying, was second-class merchandise. Even the dimmest of baseball followers knew that this had been a National League season.

The National League plays its games in zillion-dollar concrete palaces with wall-to-wall carpeting, upholstered furniture and sweeping views of rivers and lakes and bays and oceans. The American League performs in tenement buildings slapped together at the time of the first Roosevelt Administration—Ted-

dy's, not Franklin's—and on fields of common grass and dirt. The National League has all the superstars, the batting averages, the stolen bases, the home runs and the crowds. American League stars—such as they are—are merely recycled National Leaguers.

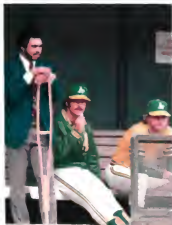
So the thinking went when the A's, bone weary from their harrowing playoff series with the tenacious Detroit Tigers, trooped into Cincinnati. The Athletics were good enough players, sure, but they were—excuse the phrase—American Leaguers. "If I said the American League was as good as the National League," said the Reds' outspoken manager, Sparky Anderson, "I'd be lying. Yes, Oakland could come over and play in our league and maybe Boston. But they're the only ones."

"People ask me every year if I'll get my 200 hits," said the Reds' equally outspoken leadoff hitter, Pete Rose. "Now how many players get asked that question in the American League?"

Even the A's were inclined to concede the argument. Their captain, Sal Bando, agreed that National League players were more aggressive, both at bat and on the bases. "Maybe," he said, puzzling it out, "we're too buddy-buddy in our league."

Sluggo Reggie Jackson went further. "The National League," he said, "has more depth, better personnel overall and more good young black players. We just don't have an Earl Williams or a Renie Stennett in our league."

The American Leaguers did have, until last week, the same Reggie Jackson who hit 25 home runs during the season and acted as a kind of spiritual leader of the A's. In the final game of the playoff series, Jackson tore up the muscles of his left leg sliding home with one of the two runs. "Imagine some-



Crippled star Jackson glowers from dugout.





Ball and helmet fly as George Hendrick belts Bench and scores first run of second game.

one reaching inside your leg," he said, recapturing the awful moment, "and just pulling everything apart."

As partial compensation, Shortstop Bert Campaneris, who had been suspended for throwing a bat at Detroit Pitcher Lerrin LaGrew, was ruled eligible for the Series. Still, the A's chances against a team as swift and powerful as the Reds did not seem promising.

So what happened? The A's—playing without their home-run hitter, away from home and on an unfamiliar artificial surface—whipped the Reds 3-2 and 2-1 in the first two games and pressed on to Oakland and God's green grass.

The Reds were undone by the A's formidable pitching—Ken Holtzman, Rollie Fingers, Vida Blue and Jim (Catfish) Hunter (see cover) for openers—and by some extraordinary defensive plays, one, a catch by Joe Rudi in left field that ranks with the best in Series history. Finally they were undone by a National League weapon, the home run.

As the Series got under way, the A's pitching strategy was simple: to force the Reds out of their game. That game was to get one or all of the first three batters on base so that Johnny Bench could drive them home. The unholy three—Rose, Joe Morgan and Bobby Tolan—scored a total of 317 runs during the year. Bench, hitting behind them, drove in his major league-leading 125 runs.

But in those first two Series games the three scored no runs, and they were on base only five times out of 25 tries. Worse yet, RBI man Bench was maneuvered into being the leadoff hitter in six different innings. As Rose observed, "We don't make money when Bench is hitting with nobody on."

The A's quick start had once-sheepish American League partisans walking erect, speaking up in public places and generally carrying on as if they were born equal. But in reality, neither the Reds nor the A's demonstrated much pizzazz on the opening weekend. Both had been driven to the limit of their resources in the five-game playoffs, and the experience left them a little limp, even for an event like the World Series.

"It just seems like everybody has a

continued

blah feeling," said Cincinnati Pitcher Ross Grimsley, loser of the second Series game. "Everybody is all drained."

"After Detroit," said Bando, "this just seems like the regular season. I came in here feeling as if a 5,000-pound weight had been taken off my back." "This game," said the A's Mike Epstein, "is the easiest we've had in seven days."

Whether the old Series magic, the autumn madness, as they used to say? Well, it struck the A's Gene Tenace in the first game and Rudi in the second.

In his first two times at bat in a World Series, Tenace hit home runs over the left-field fence to account for all of the A's scoring. He is the only man in Series history to hit homers his first two times up. Who knows how he did it. He hit only five homers during the whole season.

"You've got to hand it to him," said Reds Pitcher Gary Nolan, his victim on both occasions. "He came in here with five and now he has seven."

Tenace also knocked in the winning run in the climactic playoff game against Detroit. All told, it has been a curious year for this sturdy young catcher. He did not even become a starter until the season was nearly over, having languished on the bench while Dave Duncan did the catching. He and Duncan had gone into spring training as equals, although Duncan soon moved past him. But after a fast start—he had 14 home runs by the All-Star break—Duncan fell into a relentless slump and Tenace was summoned from oblivion.

Apparently secure at last, he was to become the innocent dupe of overthink in the Detroit playoffs. Manager Dick Williams has this obsession about second basemen. Because of a succession of injuries, he was without second basemen for so long that when he finally found himself with a surplus at season's end, he determined to play them all in nearly every game. On several occasions he used three or four or even five in the same game. Against Detroit, in fact, he used so many that he ran out of them. Tenace, a former infielder, twice was brought out from behind the plate to play second. To the surprise of nobody, really, he dropped a throw in the fourth playoff game that nearly cost the A's the pennant. Tenace returned to more natural surroundings in time to win the fifth playoff game and to become the first hero of the '72 World Series.



Overcoming overthink, Williams is two up.

Rudi has had no such checkered career. He has been a star since opening day and, until the last two weeks of the season, had been a contender for the batting championship of . . . ahem . . . the American League.

Rudi, unlike Tenace, was hitless in the opening Series game. In the second, he singled in the first inning off Grimsley and then in the third inning slapped an inside fastball far over the left-field fence. It won the game. And it was Rudi who made sure it stayed won with his ninth-inning dramatics. With Tony Perez on first base, the Reds' Denis Menke hit a line drive to left field that looked to be either a home run or at least a run-scoring double. Rudi, a skilled outfielder as well as hater, ran quickly to the wooden fence, then leaped against it, glove outstretched. He and the ball arrived at the same spot simultaneously. He seemed to hang in the air in a spread-eagle posture for moments before tumbling down with the ball clutched in the very tip of his glove.

Asked afterward to appraise the catch, Williams said he would rate it over those made by the Dodgers' Al Gronfriddo off Joe DiMaggio at Yankee Stadium in the 1947 Series and by—Oh, sacrilege!—Willie Mays off Detroit's Vic Werz at the Polo Grounds in 1954.

Rudi's spectacular save was immediately followed by a diving play by reserve First Baseman Mike Hegan on Cesar Geronimo's hard drive near the

base. In the American League they play "dee-fense."

Left-hander Holtzman was the winning pitcher in the first game and Hunter in the second, although both required late-inning relief—Holtzman from Fingers and Blue and Hunter from Fingers with two out in the ninth.

Blue's reappearance in the bullpen (he was there in the playoffs) came as a mild surprise, apparently even to Blue, who considered himself a starter in the Series. But Manager Williams said Blue had volunteered to work some in relief, which was certainly a decent gesture considering his distaste for bullpen labor—and maybe for the whole Oakland scene. Blue said he was merely doing his job, as any good sport would. Even as he said it, Blue did not look as happy as a good sport should.

The A's and the Reds are studies in contrast. Oakland Manager Williams sometimes works in mysterious ways. He has the second-base hangup, for one, and he turns to a pinch-running specialist, Allan Lewis, who is called—mostly by Team Owner Charles O. Finley—by the Panamanian Express. The Express ran on schedule in both Series games and both times he was derailed by perfect throws by Bench. But even with these mild fetters, Williams runs a club solid in fundamentals. With their Wednesday Night Bowling Club uniforms, flow-

Versatile Gene Tenace catches on quickly.





Pinned to the wall, Joe Rudi pins defeat on the Reds and then waves ball triumphantly aloft.

ing manes and bristling mustaches, the A's only look odd. They are really quite an orthodox baseball team.

The Reds are neatly barbered and clean-shaven and their uniforms are so timelessly conventional that they could as well have been worn by the Reds of Bill McKechnie. And Manager Anderson is content with one second baseman—Morgan, who is only the best.

The Reds like to play a gambling game on the bases. It is their boast that they "make things happen," and they do. They led both leagues with 140 stolen bases—53 more than the A's, who are not notably pokey. Morgan, who stole 58, is the style setter.

"I know how long it takes me to get from first to third," Morgan says. "I know, too, when it will take a perfectly accurate throw to get me. And how often do you see those? There are so many things they can do wrong that I think I've got the advantage every time."

The problem, at least in the beginning, was getting to first base. It is a difficulty painfully familiar to teams in the . . . ahem . . . American League. Now the Reds have it.

"I looked at those ERAs," Rose said of his pitching opponents in the Series, "and I don't care if you're pitching for the Rhode Island Reds in the Chicken League, a good ERA is a good ERA."

In the Chicken League or even the American League. **END**





ON TIME BUT NOT IN TUNE

The big star was back and the champs went East to launch a new winning road show. But they discovered their grand old act still needs a little work

by PETER CARRY

It was raining, even pouring, when America's favorite pro basketball road show reached Boston last week. Not that the storm could dampen the high spirits and low humor of the Los Angeles Lakers as they boarded their bus at the airport. Up front, the nation's biggest tour guide took his accustomed seats in the first row, the out-post from which he barks orders at his fellow travelers, referees debates on the subjects of his choice and instructs bus drivers and stewardesses as they complete their appointed tasks. Behind Wilt Chamberlain, separated from him by a buffer zone of coaches, journalists, a trainer and a scout, the needlers were waiting, Zeke from Cabin Creek, Floyd Butterball and all the others.

"Hey, now listen here," Wilt yelled as he folded himself across two seats and held up a pair of black, horn-rimmed sunglasses. "Who was sittin' in 5A on the plane? That's where I found these." "They don't seem to belong to anyone," replied Zeke West. "I can see you want them, Wilt. Go ahead and try 'em on." "Try 'em on, Wilt," chimed in Jim (Floyd, the Fat Kid from the Ivy League) McMillian.

"Yeah, well," said Chamberlain as he slipped on the glasses, the lenses barely covering his eye sockets.

"That's just great, Wilt," said West.

First, Celtics Dave Cowens and Don Nelson (above), then Kiki Van Deventer (right) kept Wilt Chamberlain on the outside—looking in.



"They change your whole personality. You could get up from here right now and walk all around the entire terminal and nobody, not a soul, would recognize you."

"I'll tell you, my man," Wilt said, loudly but to no one in particular as he looked out at the rain, "I signed too soon. I mean, I could do without that Jerry West and this trip. I could've had four more days at Manhattan Beach, and instead I got this."

As it turned out, by the time the trip was over, Chamberlain and the rest of the Lakers, who thought they were off on another juicy foray acevoting NBA teams all across the country, had endured far more than a rainstorm and a little good-natured ribbing. They began their defense of the NBA world title by taking a couple of shots right in the old sunglasses.

Before arriving in Boston, Los Angeles had won all six of its preseason games and then traveled as far east as Nebraska to begin the regular schedule by blasting the Kansas City-Omaha Kings (formerly the Cincinnati Royals) into the Missouri River 129-94. As usual the Lakers attracted a fine crowd (8,598), and they were to follow that up with record turnouts for the succeeding games in Boston (15,316) and New York (19,694). But that was all that went as usual.

With an unbeaten record and masses of fans coming out to behold them, it seemed logical when none of the Lakers evinced concern as they prepared to meet the East's two best teams. None, that is, except ever-worried Coach Bill Sharman. "My main belief as a coach is to get into top condition before the season starts and use that to get off to a faster start than other teams," he said. "A good team should never put itself in a position of playing catch-up in its division, particularly in a division as tough as ours. We were ready from the start last year, and I think that's why we were able to win 33 games in a row early in the season and why we lost only 13 all through the year."

"But our training camp was not good this year, despite our exhibition record. Four of my top six players were missing some or all of the time. Keith Erickson was injured for a while. Hap Harrison missed the first two weeks because of a contract dispute and our top scorer, Gail Goodrich, pulled a muscle so

badly he'll miss all of this road trip. And Wilt only rejoined us the afternoon before we left for Omaha."

Chamberlain's contractual problems were less financial and more a clash between the game's two most unbending egos, Wilt and Laker Owner Jack Kent Cooke. The question was who would call whom first. Neither side claims victory, and Chamberlain's lawyer, Seymour Goldberg, is widely credited for playing the role of Gunnar Jarnung in this tight little drama. It reportedly required only 48 hours to iron out the contractual difficulties once that crucial first contact was made.

It may take longer than that to unravel the Laker problems on the floor. In one sense, Los Angeles was well prepared to face the Celtics and Knicks. Sharman has added Scout Bill Bertka to his staff, and Bertka will hold a briefing before the team's initial game with each opponent this year. As the players filed into a conference room in the Sheraton-Boston Hotel to hear the scout's assessment of the Celts, each was handed a five-page report covered with closely typed text and 46 diagrams.

"When you gonna give us the speed-reading course to go along with this?" asked Wilt.

West quickly came to the part on how to stop Boston's fast break. "Hey, it says here we should molest their rebounder," he announced. "Who gets to do that? Who wants to do that?"

A chalk talk was followed by a film showing the Celtics at their best: Boston's opponents scored one basket while the few Celtic misses were followed by crushing offensive rebounds. "Hey, my man, I don't know if I'm quite ready for this stuff," said Chamberlain.

Wilt and his teammates were not. There are already three hockey teams playing at Boston Garden this winter, and Celt Coach Tom Heinsohn seems to be trying to make it four. His players hardly could have moved any faster on skates. The Boston running game, which the Lakers like to say is second only to their own, produced 18 points as the Celtics opened a 25-point lead during the first half. Los Angeles scored only six fast-break points.

While the addition of Paul Silas and the versatility of John Havlicek allowed Heinsohn the depth and flexibility to substitute as freely as the Boston Bruins do, the Lakers clearly missed the pull-

up jump shots of Goodrich. They also missed Wilt's presence as the dominator of a game, even though he played 44 minutes. He was outscored 26-15 by Boston's mobile Dave Cowens, outrebounded 24-12 and outmuscled as he pursued Cowens outside while other lively Celts drove inside. Boston won 112-104, with West's 17-point fourth quarter making the score far closer than the game ever was.

"I'm in good shape," said Wilt. "I played volleyball almost every day this summer, some days two or three times. But it's not the same as basketball. We're missing two things. I haven't played with our guys, so we miss togetherness on defense, and my timing's off, way off. I'm not getting up for rebounds quick enough and when I'm out a bit trying to guard someone like Cowens, I'm not able to shift back fast enough to cut off the drive by other guys. Cowens and Jerry Lucas are the worst two centers for me to play against until I get my sense of timing back."

The next night in New York, Lucas proved Chamberlain right. Starting as pointman once again while Willis Reed remains on the disabled list with his still-injured leg, Lucas outscored Wilt 26-16 with his long, shotgun jumpers. When Chamberlain came out to guard Lucas, the quick-passing Knicks found open shots near the basket. Many of those shots came from Bill Bradley, who scored 29 points and, surprisingly, led New York scorers after three games with a 25.3 average.

"Concentration is what we lack," said West after the 125-100 rout. "Our training was disjointed. It was too easy and now the other teams are sky-high trying to knock off the champs."

The huge crowds in Boston and New York found the one-sided victories against last season's champions so encouraging that both groups broke into that irksome new tradition of yelling, "We're No. 1," as the home teams ran out their easy wins. Those chants and counter-chants should make for interesting debates in the Atlantic Division all season long, but for Laker fans there figures to be something of a letdown. Until Wilt recovers his timing and Goodrich returns to the lineup, Los Angeles may only be able to cry, "We're No. 3." Which is exactly where the disgraced Lakers stood in the Pacific Division after getting doused in the East. **END**



BEING SUICIDAL

The wedge busters, ball strippers, coverers, holders, deep men and kick blockers—like Washington's Bill Malinchek at right—make up the special teams that do-or-die for one-fifth of every game **by ROBERT BOYLE**

"This may sound funny, but not many guys, deep down inside, want to block a punt. Oh, a lot of them will bust in there, but only a few are really willing to put their face in the kicker's foot."

—Marv Levy, Redskin special-team coach

"Little Noland Smith—Super Gnat—man, he was tiny but he led the league in returns. Then one day Noland finally got around to thinking about what he was actually doing out there running those kicks back, and after that. . ."

—a former Chief teammate of Smith's



The most dangerous calling in pro football is playing on the so-called "special teams," which is a polite, formal version of "suicide squads" or "Kamikaze corps." No matter what the special teams are doing—running back a punt, covering a kickoff or assaulting a field-goal kicker's shin—the overall impression is all-out war. Their activity, however, is never the haphazard charge it seems to be: special teams rely not only on recklessness and mayhem but on such subtleties as the calling of assignments, "ball stripping" and a stop-watch quest for the statistical and strategic edge. In recent seasons the mission of a special team has become so finely honed that Coach Paul Brown of the Bengals says, "It's more important than it's ever been in the past. So many games are won or lost now by the performance of special teams."

Special teams are on the field for 20% of the plays. Moreover, says Marv Levy, the assistant coach on the Redskins in charge of special teams, "Something sig-

nificant happens on every kicking play. There is a specific attempt to score, or a large amount of yardage is involved, or there is a change in ball possession. These are things that determine the course of ball games."

The 1972 season is a banner year for special teams. More first stringers than ever are being assigned to the suicides. San Francisco 49er Coach Dick Nolan believes his special squads are so important that he has given the assistant coach in charge of them carte blanche to use any players he wants. Bobby Bell, the Kansas City Chiefs' perennial all-league linebacker, centers the ball for punts and placements, and Ed Podolak, Kansas City's leading rusher the last two years, handles kickoff returns. Middle Linebacker Bill Bergey of the Cincinnati Bengals tries to break the wedge on kickoffs, and Lemar Parrish, the team's best cornerback, returns punts and kickoffs.

In all the NFL, no club is better known for its care and feeding of special teams than the Redskins. Coach George Allen goes out of his way to keep special-team men on his roster. "George makes it known that special teams really are special," says Levy. Speedy Duncan, who will soon become the all-time NFL kickoff-return yardage leader, adds, "George puts more emphasis on more phases of the game than I ever thought existed. I've been re-signed."

In 1969, when Allen was head coach of the Los Angeles Rams, he made a

breakthrough by hiring Dick Vermeil as the league's first assistant coach in charge of special teams. "Everyone laughed," says Upton Bell, general manager of the Patriots. "They all thought George was crazy to hire another assistant. But he won a lot of games that year. Nowadays, whether or not a team hires a special coach to handle the special teams, there is at least one coach designated as such."

In 1970 Vermeil left the Rams, and Levy, who has respect for Allen's insights into football, applied for the post and got it. When Allen moved to the Redskins last year, Levy went with him. Now 44, Levy was both a running back and Phi Beta Kappa at Coe College in Iowa, earned an M.A. in history from Harvard and served as head coach at New Mexico, the University of California and William and Mary. When he shifted to the Redskins, one of the players who caught his eye was Bill Malinchuk, a wide receiver who had been cut by the Lions after he beat up a teammate in a street brawl. To his professional pleasure, Levy found that Malinchuk possessed a rare willingness "to put his face in the kicker's foot."

Thus far this season, Malinchuk has been the league's most successful ball hawk. In the opening game against the Vikings he blocked a punt to score one touchdown and recovered a fumbled kickoff to set up another. Against the Patriots he blocked a punt in the final

seconds, setting for a safety instead of a touchdown when he recovered it just outside the end zone. Following these heroics, opposing teams have assigned one man just to hold off Malinchuk—who charges the kicker from an angle on the outside. Levy is not worried. "If you get a team concerned about one man," he says, "it is bound to leave itself open somewhere else and increase our options."

The Redskins have seven special teams, the kickoff-return team, the kickoff-coverage team, the punting team, the punt-return team, the field-goal-kicking team, the field-goal and point-after-touchdown rushing team and the onside-kick-defense team. The Redskins keep detailed statistics on both their own and their opponent's special teams, and Levy, who stalks the sidelines during a game with a stopwatch in hand, is able to reel them off the top of his head. For instance: "Last year we returned 62% of the punts and our opponents returned only 29% against us."

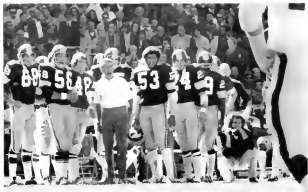
The basic Redskins strategy for the kickoff-return team is to get the ball out to the 30-yard line. "The kickoff return is an organized blackboard play," Levy explains. "Some teams will change theirs week to week to take advantage of an opponent's apparent coverage weakness, but I don't agree with that approach. We have several returns that are basic and we keep working with them. The timing of our blocks is important, and who you block is 25% of your success. How far back we start our wedge is important too, but I don't want to be specific about that. Let the other teams find out for themselves. In general, we use a battering-ram action out to the 30-yard line. If you get the ball out to the 30, you've done well. The good kickoff return man does not think touchdown. He thinks get to the 30. Then he thinks touchdown."

Other teams operate differently. Coach Don Shula of the Miami Dolphins, who has Mercury Morris as his primary kickoff-return man, says, "Our idea is to break it," while Kansas City Coach Hank Stram says, "If you tell your squad you are satisfied with a return to the 30, the players will think they are doing a good job if they just get back to the 30. With today's kickers having the range they do, it's important for us to try to get to midfield. There we have a real chance of getting three points."

On kickoff-return coverage, the Red-

continued

PHOTOGRAPH BY NIKI LITTE



Coach Marv Levy and his Redskin specials, a team within a team, wait together for action.

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skins aim to keep the opposing team on-side the 25, Levy says. "The keys are: number one, a high kick, and two, have your players get down in the field quickly. Most of our people do the 40-yard dash in 4.7-4.8, maybe 4.9. If we can't make the kickoff for 4.1 or 4.2 seconds, by the time the ball is caught on the goal line, most of our coverers are inside the 30-yard line and they should meet the ballcarrier around the 15."

A man to watch on the Redskin kick-off-coverage team is Rasty Tillman, an aggressive, intelligent reserve linebacker who plays on all the kicking units. Tillman is "R1" or "R2," the first or second man to the right of the kicker, Curt Knight. Tillman's job is to break up the wedge, the four-man strong-arms crew that is used to protect the ballcarrier. "When some players meet the wedge," Levy says, "they tend to pull up. Rasty says in full speed and tries to take down two or three, either headfirst or with a side body block." The man who plays "L2," Mike Hull, is a reserve running back who has, in Levy's words, "a knack for knocking through the wedge." In the first four games of the season, Hull, Tillman and company fully met their statistical objective: not one opposing kick returner got past the 25.

On punt coverage, the Redskin objective is to keep the opposing team from making any runback whatsoever. In their first four games, Levy's men had done even better than that: their opponent's average was -0.4 yards per return. Mike Bragg, the Washington punter, has averaged only 39.5 yards, a figure that seems poor, but he hangs his kicks high, allowing his teammates time to get downfield and contain the return men.

Statistically, a punter like Jerrel Wilson of the Chiefs, who has a 48.5 average, looks to be the best in the league, but as Hank Kuhlmann, the Green Bay Packers' new special-team coach, says "Wilson tends to outkick his coverage." The average return of a Wilson punt is 11.8 yards, which means the Redskin punting game is better than the Chiefs' 39.9 yards to 36.7. As a general rule, AFC punters kick for more distance than those in the NFC—and are more prone to get burned by long returns.

The ideal, says Levy, would be a punter who can kick the ball between 40 and 45 yards and have it in the air for five seconds. "The exceptions are when you are backed against your own goal,

which forces you to go up this distance, or when you are on their 15 and perhaps because of the wind, the score or the dangers involved, you don't want to try for a field goal. Then you want to nudge a punt down inside the 10."

A 42-yard, five-second punt should require a fair catch, but as Levy points out, "The good safety men in the league have their egos. If they're not getting their returns during a game, their ego is going to force them to try. They're like good baseball hitters who will swing at bad pitches. This means the kicking team's chance of recovering a fumble is greater than it should be." With this in mind, the Redskins practice forced fumble drills. "There are several ways of stripping the ball," Levy says. "If we have a return man hung up, we instruct our people to go for the ball, to hit an elbow, to try various little things."

To guard against their own safety men fumbling, the Redskins barrow their quite bold kick returners—Duncan and Ted Vactor—in "bother drills." The defenders scream, they poke their fingers in Duncan's and Vactor's faces and they smack them on the helmet. Duncan takes it all as part of the job. He has a lifetime average of 11.8 yards per punt return. "Punts have been good to me," he says.

In practice or in an actual game, Duncan is able to isolate himself as he awaits a punt. "I don't hear a sound," he says, "and my vision is locked in." All he sees is the ball arching down. It is his call: "Me" or "You," himself or Vactor.

When the word is "Me," Duncan begins to talk to himself. "Catch the football, Speedy. You can't go anywhere without the football." He does not react further until he hears Vactor shout the fail-safe command, either "I air catch" or "Take it."

Duncan is on the small side—5'10" and 180—but he is not bothered by the tension or the high incidence of injury in his field of endeavor, one that Don Shula calls "the greatest pressure situation in sports."

"Running back punts is challenging," says Duncan. "It's like being a race driver. I always tell myself, man, I never could be a race driver. But I guess a race driver would say, man, I could never stand out there and catch punts."

Duncan is probably right. The whole thing sounds, well, suicidal.

END

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JEEPERS! PEEPERS IS IN CHARGE NOW

Some think Jack Scott looks like the comedian, others say he acts like one. And Scott? Hired as Oberlin College's new athletic director, he agrees he is way out—but not dangerous by GWILYM S. BROWN

He is called Jack Scott, a crisp, sharp, easy-to-remember name that tends to cut through the fog cast up by some of the other things he is called, like "the Guru of Jock Liberation" and worse. At a time of radical demands, of player strikes, boycotts, dropouts, congressional hearings and huge engulfing clouds of rhetoric, the Merriwellian cadence of the name seems as pure and simple as the crack of bat meeting ball.

The man behind the name is an author (*Athletics for Athletes* and *The Athletic Revolution*), activist (the cofounded with his wife Micki the Institute for the Study of Sport and Society) and spokesman for a growing number of Americans who are demanding a basic reexamination of sport. All this tends to make him a target.

For instance, Vice-President Agnew in a speech once denounced Scott as an enemy of sport. His heroes, Agnew suggested, must be Che Guevara and Fidel Castro. Two years ago the University of Washington hired Scott as an assistant professor of physical education, then canceled the appointment before he even showed up because it was feared he would prove disruptive.

"Who and what is Jack Scott?" Yale Track Coach Bob Groganack demanded to know after a particularly opinionated and unflattering article on coaches by Scott had appeared in *Track & Field News*. The fact is, despite all the publicity attended on Scott, nobody—maybe not Scott himself—really knew what he was until recently when some hard clues began emerging in the vicinity of north-central Ohio. Up to a few months ago Scott's work had been almost entirely in the realm of theory. Then last spring little Oberlin College (enrollment: 2,600)

had enough faith in Scott's approach to athletics to sign him to a four-year contract starting at \$16,000 a year as chairman of the physical education department and athletic director. Administrators everywhere will be watching closely with various degrees of enthusiasm and horror as Scott puts his theories into practice. "Every person with a new approach and ideas ought to have the opportunity to pass them along," said Dr. Joe Kearney, the Washington athletic director, when he heard the news. "I wish him success."

"Somehow and some way college sports and Oberlin will survive," remarked James Decker, the athletic director at Scott's alma mater, Syracuse, when he heard the news.

While the prevailing view of Scott in the sports Establishment—from the National Football League to National Collegiate Athletic Association administrative circles—is that he is an irresponsible radical and an "enemy of sport," Scott considers himself an unrepentant jock. He lifts weights, runs five miles a day and in 1964 voted for Barry Goldwater for President.

Scott's manner and appearance have astonished people meeting him for the first time. New York television sportscaster Dick Schaap, apparently disappointed that Scott did not start beating on the table with a sandal during their interview, asked, "Are you always so rational or is this an unusual day?"

George Sauer, former wide receiver for the New York Jets, was equally surprised. "He was quite different from what I would have expected if I had expected anything," said Sauer, obviously confused. "I realize that doesn't make much sense, but





"I can't put it any better than that."

What Sauer and the others see is a man of 30 who looks more like Mr. Peepers with muscles than the anarchist he is often accused of being. At 6'1" and 170 pounds, Scott usually wears gold-rimmed glasses and a scraggly light brown mustache. His hair has all but abandoned the front and top of his head. He speaks in a soft monotone that is less spellbinding than somnolent. Though his attire is informal—for example, flared corduroy trousers and a leather jacket—he has not yet broken out in beads and a flowered Indian kurta.

So what's the fuss? Well, there is Scott's *Athletics for Athletes* which he published at his own expense during the post-Olympic winter of 1968-69. In it Scott charges that collegiate sports and the coaching fraternity are guilty of assorted misdemeanors ranging from racism to authoritarianism. Another Scott enterprise, Dave Megghey's *Out of Their League*, tears into football's brutality and regimentation with rare verve. Scott helped Megghey with the writing while the former St. Louis Cardinal linebacker (also a Syracuse alumnus) was in residence at Scott's Institute for the Study of Sport in Oakland.

Then there was the controversial course Scott conducted at the University of California at Berkeley in 1970, where guest lecturers like Megghey and Harry Edwards, the black militant, scorched the temples of American sport for a semester. Scott's most recent hook, *The Athletic Revolution* (1971), went further still with descriptions of drug abuse, pay-offs and coaches who care only about winning. The discomfort of his antagonists is probably understandable—though not entirely so to Scott.

"Nothing I believe in is all that radical," he says ingenuously. "There are critics of sports who are much farther out. I'm not even all that original. People like Robert Hutchins espoused many of these things years ago. They just came too early. Now I'm a spokesman for these times."

Whether for these times or not, he is a spokesman, an almost constant one at conventions, symposiums and student gatherings. Usually he is introduced as a former star high school athlete who captained his football team and, as a col-

continued

lege sprinter, did 9.6 in the 100 and 20.9 in the 220. Then he removes his jacket and displays a red, white and blue shirt.

"You'll notice I've got on my patriotic shirt," he begins with a smile. "I always wear it when I'm talking about sport to establish my basic loyalty."

Scott then damns the U.S. sporting Establishment with its own words, quoting Vince Lombardi ("Winning isn't everything, it's the only thing"), Leo Durocher ("Nice guys finish last") and finally Bill Musselman, the controversial and competitive Minnesota basketball coach who had the slogan posted over the players' shower: "Defeat is worse than death because you have to live with defeat." The last invariably gets a big laugh.

The rest of the talk is a kind of good news-bad news balancing act. "U.S. sport turns out teams with a very high degree of excellence," says Scott. "Our coaches are obviously dedicated men. They put in probably a good deal more time at their jobs than professors. Athletics also present an opportunity for co-operation and offer a good means to social mobility. Sport's most enduring strength is the fact that an authentic, heroic struggle does exist."

Now, in Scott's eyes, the bad news. He ticks off the items as truths revealed, much as a trial lawyer sums up the case he has been arguing for some time:

- The excessive commercialization and pressure to win that lead to a rigid authoritarian system, the encouragement of drug taking, recruiting violations and violence. Instead of eliminating these evils the NCAA serves almost to abet them.
- Athletics serve as a male masculinity rite, with losing associated with a loss of manhood.
- The social mobility of sport is overstated. It is largely an illusion to the blacks, and for women it is non-existent.
- The system is elitist. Mass participation ends by early adulthood, and those who are excluded become spectators. We are a nation of "peeping jocks."
- The structure of most organized sport is conservative and self-perpetuating. It is drifting farther and farther from the mainstream of American life.

Scott's solution to the evils he claims to see is not as radical as his detractors imply. He still believes in winning. "No one is going to practice or train three

or four hours every day and not want to win," he says. "But a greater cross section of young people ought to be encouraged to participate. More attention should be paid to women's sports. At California only a few dollars of the annual athletic budget of almost \$2 million is spent on women. Finally, coaches have to stop being cops and start teaching. They should serve the athlete, not the other way around."

Scott's beginnings as an athletic shaker and mover came during his junior year at Syracuse in 1965. After unsatisfactory dips into academic life at Villanova and Stanford, he had finally settled down to serious study, working 25 hours a week as a research assistant and earning A's in the classroom. Despite an injured foot he also won a letter in track as a member of the sprint relay team. During the summer after his senior year he trained with three of the team's distance runners, acting as *in loco* *mensuris* coach. When school reopened in the fall the trio insisted on continuing to train with Scott. The regular coach, they said, was authoritarian and racist. The result was predictable. All three were forced off the team and lost their athletic scholarships. When they tried to continue private workouts, the school barred them from using its facilities. Despite the harassment, they improved their individual times under Scott's tutelage. But they were never invited back on the team, except under the original conditions.

Somewhat naively, Scott was shocked at the school's stand. "We seemed to be everything the perfect jocks should be," he says. "We proved we were not quitters, that we were highly motivated and that we could achieve excellence."

The episode had a profound effect on him. "Coaching suddenly began to seem exciting and important," he recalls. He and Mick, whom he had married just before he returned to Syracuse, now headed west. Scott accepted a computer job with the Navy Department in San Diego but never reported. "I felt a certain uneasiness," he says. "I was trying to figure out how to involve coaching in my life."

A friend persuaded him to come to Berkeley, where for the next two years the Scotts lived a life that by almost anyone's standards would be called unstructured. He audited courses at Cal, read heavily in sociology and humanist psy-

chology and earned a small income doing odd jobs and writing articles for *Rumpus*. In 1968 he enrolled formally to study for his Ph.D. He was also named an editor of *Rumpus*, for which he covered the 1968 Mexico City Olympics and the Black Power boycott. And that spring he met Harry Edwards, the movement's leader.

"I was involved with the black athletes' boycott only as a writer," Scott says. "but the experience gave me deeper knowledge of sports. Suddenly I was able to tie together a great many of my experiences."

After returning from Mexico, Scott went to work on *Athletics for Athletes*, a potpourri of opinion by him and other writers, all with a common thread of criticism that is now standard weaponry in the Scott arsenal. *Track & Field News* had originally agreed to distribute the book, but the editors dropped it like a hot potato after reading it. The Scotts spent \$1,300 in savings to have a soft-cover edition of 2,500 copies printed. They put an ad in *Track & Field News* and mailed copies out from their apartment over a garage in Oakland. The book excited considerable comment in track and field circles and received a favorable review in *Newsweek*. Scott had made his first impact as a guru.

"I would never write anything like that today," he now says. "It was too polemical, but I don't regret it. It was a stage of my development."

The next stage came when he taught a course at Cal during the winter term of 1970. It had the somewhat ponderous title of *Intercollegiate Athletics and Higher Education: A Socio-Psychological Evaluation*, and administrators looked for an enrollment of between 50 and 100. Close to 400 students, including about 100 varsity athletes, signed on. Scott appeared at the first lecture wearing a sweat shirt, blew a whistle and ordered everyone to line up for seat assignments. It was his way of demonstrating the sort of authoritarianism students tolerate from coaches but not their professors.

Scott invited a number of guest lecturers, radical and Establishment. Most of the radicals—Edwards, Meggs and Olga Connolly—showed up. Most of the conservatives, like Max Rafferty, then California superintendent of education, and Peyton Jordan, Stanford's track coach, did not. This may have been be-

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cause one Establishmentarian who did speak, Dr. Paul Brechler, then Cal's athletic director, was hooted.

Opinions on the course were mixed. Some extremists felt it was a copout, some conservatives claimed it was prejudiced against the Establishment. Either way it was a great success, and today, according to Scott, more than 50 colleges have initiated similar courses.

One institution that wished to was the University of Washington. When it offered Scott a one-year contract at \$10,500, the news set off shock waves throughout the athletic department, most notably in the office of Jim Owens, the head football coach. Scott's presence on the campus would interfere with the smooth functioning of the athletic department, he informed his superiors, and a number of wealthy alumni and a conservative regent started to apply pressure. A month later the offer was withdrawn. "Your proposed appointment... would seriously jeopardize our efforts for an orderly integration" of the men's and women's physical departments, wrote Dean Philip Cartwright. Scott sued and recently settled out of court for \$10,500, his year's pay.

Scott decided what he needed was an independent organization to push for the reform he sought. In June 1970 he and Macki formed the nonprofit Institute for the Study of Sport and Society, a kind of free-form research center designed to aid persons involved in what Scott calls "the humanization of sport." The first important customer was Meggessy, who wrote *Out of Their League* under its auspices. The book was published in the fall of 1970 by Ramparts Press and has since sold 25,000 hard-cover copies, plus 650,000 in paperback. Scott helped with the writing, and the Institute gets 50% of all royalties. Critics immediately assumed the book was less Meggessy than Scott, in charge both Scott and Meggessy deny heatedly.

"Establishment sportswriters continue to perpetrate the myth about dumb jocks," Meggessy says. "They're always amazed when an athlete is quote, articulate, unquote."

The Institute began building up files on such things as drug taking by athletes, women in sport, politics and violence, anti-trust developments, sports in trouble, sports not in trouble, etc. It also began to scout around for coaching openings in less high-pressured in-



THE TWIN MEET (SORT OF) AS JOE GURTIS (LEFT) AND JON DAVIES MAN SIDELINES

situations and to make the information available to coaches.

Frequently the Institute is called on for odd jobs. A typical example is provided by a wealthy Oklahoman who called Scott to complain that his son, a diver at a high school with no pool, had been barred by an NCAA ruling from using the facilities at a nearby college. Scott advised the indignant parent to threaten the NCAA with a suit and see if they would not give in. He did and they did. The father was so grateful he promised Scott a large contribution for the Institute. When he heard of Scott's activities with Harry Edwards and black athletes, he promptly withdrew his offer.

Scott also receives letters from coaches disillusioned with organized sport for one reason or another. "My answer is that they should absolutely not quit," says Scott. "Unless people who object to the system stay in it and work for change it never will. Quitting is no solution at all."

Now that he has taken over at Oberlin, Scott himself gets his first real chance to see if he can work within the system. The school has a young and progressive new president, 35-year-old Robert Fuller, who decided a year and a half ago that the physical education department was ripe for an overhaul. Jeff Strassen-

berg had been put off the baseball team by Coach Bill Grace because he refused to shave off his beard. Appalled, Fuller had Strassenberg reinstated (a good move even for Coach Grace. This spring Strassenberg led the team in hitting with an average of .500). He and the dean of the College of Arts and Sciences, Dr. Donald Reich, also conducted an investigation of the physical department.

"At Oberlin we've felt that the physical education program should offer a diversified and valuable experience," explains Dean Reich. "We questioned a great many people about this, and concluded that the program was not reaching the students."

Their solution was Jack Scott. Immediately after his appointment last spring he put his new employer's faith to the acid test. As his assistant athletic director and track coach, he announced that he wanted to hire Tommie Smith, less known for the 200-meter gold medal he won at the Mexico City Olympics in 1968 than for the black-gloved salute he gave on the victory stand. Smith would be an assistant professor of physical education along with his other duties. Far from being frightened at the idea, Fuller was delighted, personally urging Smith to take the job.

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continued

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program here," Fuller told Smith at their first meeting. "Change is bound to happen. It's going to start popping up here and there. We'd like it to pop up here first."

If President Fuller was delighted by the arrival of Scott and Smith, the physical education faculty was not. A poll of the 14-member department, taken before Scott's appointment, showed only one member totally favorable. As one coach told Everett Glenn, a black basketball player, "This guy is against sport. Did you read his book with Meggysco? All lies."

Over the summer the nonbelievers began their exodus, partly out of administrative urging, partly, no doubt, out of sheer panic. The former athletic director and basketball coach, Julian Smith, went off to St. Andrews College in North Carolina. Don Hunsinger, an assistant football coach and the sport's most vigorous recruiter at Oberlin, moved on to Capital (Ohio) University. Robert Grueninger, an assistant professor in the P.E. department and coach of fencing, is now at the University of Wisconsin (Parkside). Two other members of the P.E. faculty, including Grice, who had been at Oberlin 19 years, received letters from the college faculty council reportedly suggesting that in the interests of their own careers they seek employment elsewhere. Grice will go to Campbell (N.C.) College at the end of this semester.

Given this sudden bonus of open positions to fill, Scott has begun to surround himself with a melange of aides who would make such bulwarks of the university sporting Establishment as Bear Bryant or Woody Hayes positively shudder. In addition to Smith on the P.E. staff are June Mann, a University of Wisconsin graduate who will serve as director of intramural athletics, and Leslie Rudolph, whose background includes national ranking as an age-group swimmer as well as employment in the sugarcane fields of Cuba. Leslie has taken a \$70-a-week job in the equipment room of the Oberlin gym so that she can serve as coach of the women's swimming team. "Having these two around helps break down the heavy machismo atmosphere," says Scott.

Two staffers who have received one-year appointments to fill in for those who have left on sabbatical are Del Martin, a former Stanford sprinter, Phi Beta

Kappa and Rhodes scholar, who teaches a course entitled Sport and Literature, and Paul Hoch, a graduate of City College in New York and the London School of Economics, author of a forthcoming book called *Rip-off the Big Game*. Hoch conducts classes in tennis and teaches one course called Sport and the Mass Media, another entitled Sport and Sociology. As head trainer at a salary of zero, Scott has appointed 19-year-old Alan Alper, a sports medicine buff who has just finished his freshman year at the University of Maryland and who called Scott to volunteer his services after reading *The Athlete Revolution*.

Probably the only full professional among Scott's recent appointees is Dan Millman, who was a three-time All-America gymnast at the University of California. To join Scott at Oberlin, Millman, 26, left a solid position on the faculty at Stanford, where in four years he coached the gymnastics team up from the depths of the PAC-8 conference to respect as a national power. Millman will teach courses called Mind-Body Unity Through Gymnastics and Mind-Body Unity Through Trampoline and, if there is demand, create a gymnastics team.

"It was certainly a difficult choice," Millman says of his decision to switch jobs, "but I was obviously not fleeing Stanford. Instead, I was seeking what is going to happen at Oberlin."

Even Scott can appear slightly embarrassed at the amateurish look of his staff and the far-out cultural aspect of some of the P.E. courses that must be inspiring tears and laughter among athletic administrators around the country. "I'll admit many of my critics might laugh at the way things are beginning to look around here," he says. "I expect for one thing: they know how dedicated we are, how hard we'll work to make the program really succeed."

Scott's yardstick of success? "How the students react, how many participate, how fully I can implement the women's athletic program," he says. "And, yes, the won-lost records of our teams. Excellence can be achieved without dehumanizing the athlete."

With the backing of President Fuller, Scott has already done away with admission charges to athletic events. Admittedly this is of more psychological than financial importance, annual gate receipts at Oberlin seldom amounting to more than \$2,000 or \$3,000. "By elim-

—Continued

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enating gate receipts can help eliminate the distinction between major and minor sports," says Scott. "So far as I'm concerned we simply have 14 varsity sports at Oberlin."

In addition Scott intends to inaugurate a policy of permitting varsity athletes to make decisions formerly reserved for the administration or the coaches. Already the tennis and fencing teams have been asked to name their own replacements for departed coaches. "I'm also examining realistic ways in which team members could vote on starting lineups," says Scott.

There is not yet much to measure so far as Scott's yardstick of success is concerned. The football team, 0-8 last year, looked at least enthusiastic in losing its opener to Centre College of Kentucky 7-6 and, through four games, had lost to Miami 46-14 and Hamilton 21-12 and beaten Carnegie-Mellon 21-14. Meanwhile, the physical education classes are far to bustling with new enrollees. Despite the fact that required physical exercise has now been dropped at Oberlin, many P.E. classes have doubled in size.

"That's pretty astonishing," says President Fuller. "Usually when you drop the P.E. requirement, enrollment goes from 500 to eight."

Scott's progress at Oberlin will have the gripping what-happens-next suspense of a good mystery with many fascinated readers. Walter Byers, the conservative executive director of the NCAA, has managed to avoid being drawn into a discussion of Scott's program. But NCAA President Dr. Earl Ramey was willing to speak. Scott, he admitted, had made a few valid points, but "his zealous commitment to his own ideas in athletics may tempt him to play the authoritarian role he deplores," concludes Dr. Ramey. "I hope he can resist that temptation. . . . If he carries into effect the athletic ideals he so strongly advocates. . . . he will serve Oberlin and athletics well."

George Sauer sees the Oberlin appointment as the start of an age of discovery. "People are going to find out that Jack's ideas make a great deal of sense and are very logical. They are based on values with which people are going to find it hard to disagree." Many, of course, will succeed in disagreeing, but not a whole lot of them, Scott hopes, will come from Oberlin.

END

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SOONER OR LATER, CHAMPIONS

There was a time in Oklahoma when 10-year-old football players thought rad dog was a puppy and a wishbone something chicken, but today's Pss Wase know all the right answers **by JAY CRONLEY**

My little league football career began Aug. 13, 1956, an afternoon that was so humid all the birds were walking. That same career ended that same day in a pool of blood some 20 yards downfield. Although it was not my blood that had formed a puddle just off the left hash mark near the 40-yard line, I nevertheless sustained an injury of considerable import. While running a rou-

ture assignment from my strong-side left-end position, I tripped on my weak-side right knee. When you are wearing a helmet three sizes too large, the shock of skull on earth is not cushioned but rather intensified. I had rung my own bell.

The force of the fall rendered me helpless, so I rolled on my back to consider those first 11 years—the heartaches, the

joys, the busted assignments. I did not expect to see another chin strap.

The first part of the pass had worked. I saw the football. It was attacking me. It was an end-over-end pass, as ours frequently were, and the sharpest end (it was an old football) plunged into my stomach. Had I been able to raise my arms, I would have had a completion. I was wide open. But the ball rolled off,



ILLUSTRATION BY RICHARD RAMEY

wobbled once and came to rest beside my left hip, a monument to those who had played the game well but lost.

The pool of blood came from our quarterback, Johnny White. Our coach, Bill White, was Johnny's older brother. Bill was mad at Johnny. The punishment was a series of quarterback sneaks, 12 to be exact, that gained us a net of six yards. After Johnny's forehead was re-waxed, we quit together. Our team, the Oklahoma City Putnam Heights Panthers, then won eight in a row.

On this particular late summer day preceding the Pee Wee football season, there is thunder in the east and west, and more on the field in the form of a young gentleman who is not yet tall enough to worry about the top half of a Dutch door. He is 3'11" by 1'2". These fig-

ures are not approximations; he computes his size each morning. The first measurement, the vertical one, includes 1.5 inches of toes, which most certainly count, because when a fellow runs for all he is worth, he runs on his toes.

The Oklahoma sky, which often looks like a bloodshot eye—a bleeding, brownish silver—releases more thunder, then lightning, then rain. It does not disturb the grounded thunder, also called the Southeast (Tulsa) Raiders Pee Wee football team. Somehow, the Raiders came in second in the league in 1971. They promise it won't happen again. The rain is having a difficult time finding the halfback running with the ball. Because the football is so big, it seems like he is accompanying it. He heads for the middle of the line, only to discover a giant, a 119-pound tackle, waiting there looking for somebody to squeeze. So the halfback considers right end, which, since the field is not marked off yet, is considerable. A successful end run could last five minutes and cover two blocks.

There is nothing between the runner and the goal line except one boy who reminds me of our long-ago middle line-backer, who was called Muscle. Muscle weighed 175 and he played linebacker, tackle and guard—all at once. The sprinkle had loosened up the mostly dirt turf, and when the Raiders' halfback feints right and goes left, the defender buckles and crumbles. The remaining 86 yards, and the 20 more through the end zone for good measure, are executed as one would take out the trash. He is one big smallshot.

Practice makes not only perfect but, more importantly, success. This is just a practice session for the Southeast Raiders, but let me tell you, there is no messing around. When the going gets tough, the tough get going. Anybody can walk. Get your guts up. No giggling in the huddle. Take a lap. Move! The next person throwing rocks goes home. Whatsamatter, don't you want it?

The fact that these football players are 10, 11 and 12 years old is incidental. You've got to remember, they will grow.

I won't come right out and say that if it were not for football, Oklahoma's accomplishments could be printed on a chamber of commerce pencil, Oklahoma

was the result of a sweep of wind down a plain, a noble if not melodic birth. Tulsa is a port, connecting with New Orleans and other points wet. Because of our lakes, we consider Honolulu dry. But you must consider our ancestors. Oklahoma was opened to the law-abiding public by the land run of 1889. It's no wonder we have produced so many good halfbacks.

In recent years, however, college-age football players have been our chief import. On the University of Oklahoma roster for the 1972 varsity-alumni game there were 37 Oklahomans and 34 Texans. Don't get me wrong, they all put their pads on one arm at a time. A few years ago, Darrell Royal of the University of Texas asked the Southwest Conference for protection against Oklahoma's recruiters.

If this year's crop of Pee Wee football players comes along—if the players don't tire of the game before, say, high school—this state's collegiate football recruiters will need little more than a trusty Volkswagen and a petty cash voucher. Pee Wee football does not issue common stock or have a chairman of the board. But it is big. This year, 900 Pees and Wees are participating on 18 teams. They play eight-game schedules and usually in several tournaments. Pee Wee football is big enough to cause both joy and concern.

Think positive. Play fair. Through these doors pass champions. Even if their shoe size is only four.

The Raiders and Lions and Bears have an advantage: the Panthers never considered. My cardboard shoulder pads cost \$2.95, including tape. It costs \$35 and up to equip one of these Pee Wees. Tulsa County built the players a stadium; our field was interrupted by three sidewalks. Our favorite play was a punt which, if it caught the concrete just so, might roll 20 yards.

Today, the Raiders will practice passing the football forward. They also will be working on huddling, but what's the use of huddling if you don't know what to do next. So far, early in the pre-season practices, the huddle has been a place to readjust bubble gum and step on a couple of bugs, but all that will change. They will learn that the huddle is not the proper place to run through a

continued



couple of choruses of "Iwannacarrytheball." The huddle is a place of preparation, devotion and general order. They will hear that an 111-pound right tackle does not carry the football, even if it is his to begin with, except possibly if there is a fumble.

Our huddles used to take some three minutes, more if we could not agree on a play. Our huddle did not break, it dissolved. Once, the entire right side of our line went left, and Johnny White's quarterback sneak lost 33 yards.

The Raiders' huddle uses 20 seconds. All that separates the offense and defense are Band-Aids. Somebody yells, "Red dog." I remember the time when one of them, a cocker, bit our coach and we all cheered. We read "keys," too. Piano keys. Our signals were elementary. "Thirty-seven, 88, 99, 47, 63, give me the ball," worked best. The Raiders' signals include several individual members of the alphabet.

The preliminaries out of the way, the Raiders try a forward pass. You must remember that the hand connected to a 97-pound halfback has a difficult enough time with a handful of M & Ms, to say nothing of a football. The pass takes a funny bounce—off a guard's teeth and into a crowd some four yards downfield. It hangs up there in the air, about two hours the quarterback must have thought, and the play culminates with a defensive back catching a defensive end, who had caught the ball. That, boys, clearly will not do.

It is a Pee Wee League rule that players in the backfield cannot weigh more than 100 pounds, and anybody weighing 126 has all winter to work on his curbwalk, because 125 pounds is the maximum for any participant. The Putnam Heights Panthers had no such restrictions. Our pregame meal consisted of several sandwiches. Our starting halfback had to be towed to the line of scrimmage.

The Raiders break into specialized groups. The punter is being watched. A punt in Pee Wee football is about fourth down and 20 or so yards to go. A fourth and 10 is no match for an endless run. The offensive line is working on blocking dummies. One 105-pound guard bulls into the sandbag, becomes dizzy, shakes it off, then blocks it satisfactorily. Attaboy, Tommy. Dig. Head down. Suck 'em up, Tommy. Attaboy.

One lad is being told the difference in rushing the passer and passing the rusher. I remember we once discussed pursuit at a pregame meeting. "Boys," Coach White said, "we are going to go out there and look good today. Three people are sick, and we will have one player per suit." We lost 24-24. One of our touchdowns, the one that got us from 18 to 24, was called back because we ran it during a time-out. We counted it.

Just then the Raider offense tries out and enjoys a double reverse. It went for 20. A quarterback sneak is attempted. *The Dictionary of American Sports* defines a quarterback sneak on page 348, preceding quarter boots, as: "a play in which the quarterback on receiving the ball from the center instead of handing it off to a teammate keeps it and then attempts to run through the center of the line." The Raiders ran it twice for 36 yards.

A post pattern is successful. A low outside football is much simpler to observe than a low outside curve. The 1956 edition of the Putnam Heights Panthers used a post pattern reluctantly. It caused my retirement. The post, although partially sawed off, was on the 30-yard line. It extended 12 inches above ground, the remnant of a parking barrier. I was a good 10 yards from it, but the inherent danger, the thought of it sticking in my ribs, induced my clumsiness.

The Raiders work on gang tackling. They are so quick they don't have to turn around to run backwards. Ten-year-old defensive linemen are built awfully close to the ground; therefore, if an offensive blocker is to block somebody's legs, he must tunnel in. Along the sidelines a man and a woman are pacing. They are by the water cooler. The Panthers had hot and cold walking water, in canteens. The couple is watching a particular halfback who is nearly first string. The halfback waves to his parents, causing a fumble. He is given a second chance, and the ball. He breaks through the line because much of the defense is passing the rusher, and veers left. One defender is not fooled at all. He crouches, comes up and smacks the halfback. I have seen that move before, on Saturdays and Sundays. It is a big-league move. Both players leave the ground, and there is a dull thud.

"My God," says the mother.

"Attaboy," says the father. "Nice move, boy, keep those knees up. Attaboy." The halfback hounces up, measures the gain of 13 yards, and rejoins the huddle.

In an area like Tulsa, where a young man's first move is made from a three-point stance, you don't worry much about injury. You worry about his speed in the 40. The people least concerned about the injuries are the players. Jerry Duff, president of the North Tulsa Lions Club, which sponsors Pee Wee football, says he has heard of only four broken bones resulting from on-the-field injuries. The equipment fits, the training is better than it used to be, and medical care is readily available.

The management of the Putnam Heights Panthers did not treat injury compassionately. Treatment was down to earth. Once our fullback was bitten severely about the hand and arm, and our coach prescribed a handful of dirt to be applied directly to the wound. "Rub some dirt on it" became the battle cry of our walking wounded. We learned to live with our injuries because much of our dirt also contained ants. Another of our coaches was positive that dirt could also heal broken bones. Shake it off. Rub some dirt on it. It's only a sprain. If it moves, it's not broken. Come on, son, get your game face on. What's that? It is on? Take a lap.

I suppose you can look at injury several ways. One, playing Pee Wee football is considered safer than riding a bike. Two, a boy may not be injured. Three, if he is injured, he will most likely mend. Four, if the injury is serious, his career will end early enough so that he can find something else to do. Knee injuries in Pee Wee football are seldom heard of.

Pee Wee football, which this year is in its 11th season in Tulsa, is not exempt from parental influence, but it seems less so than Little League baseball. This spring I went to a baseball game and I was threatened by a coach, pushed by a mother and bearded. A parent of a Pee Wee player is not allowed on the field. The coaches have ultimate control. The coach of one of the original Tulsa Pee Wee teams, Boh Meade, played football at Air Force. His staff included four ex-collegiate regulars and a former professional player. Meade produced an Oklahoma high school all-star from each

continued



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other interior features not detailed.

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team he coached. Most every team in town has somebody on its staff who has played college football.

Our Putnam Heights Panther unit produced two converts—one was a burglar who at least was able to do something with his broken-field running ability—and a rather large group of businessmen. Our one serious football player, a line-man, went to Wyoming on a football scholarship. Two weeks after he got there, he hung his tennis shoes on a clothesline and they broke. The temperature that evening was 14 below. When the going got tough, he got going home. He didn't think the Wyoming coach knew much football either. Said they had plenty of material but would never win. The coach was Bob Devaney.

It may be difficult at first to accept 300 little guys out there, going at each other as tough as they can. At age 10, even high school is thousands of bumps away. "By the time a boy gets to high school," says Tulsa's Don Chandler, who used to kick footballs for the Giants and Packers, "he has seen it all, the trophies, the letter jackets, the championships. There really isn't much to look forward to." Try to tell that to the 13-year-old quarterback in white tennis shoes, or the tackle with dozens of gold stars on his helmet that stand for admirable behavior in battle.

On game day the Oklahoma girls whirl with pompoms, the parents make a Little League baseball crowd seem dull, and coaches pace the sidelines flashing hand signals as if Kansas City were the next step up. The 12-year-old girls wear lip-stick to the games, and the 12-year-old boys play like men, and they all get together each week to bring their futures a little nearer.

It is not as George Bernard Shaw said, his tongue firmly implanted in his cheek, that "Youth is wasted on the young." It may have been when there wasn't anything to do but plow some Oklahoma plains. The halfback over there, sniggering and running for the sun, isn't wasting his time, or that of his 10 teammates whom he will credit for making him the hero he is today.

Personally, I think my Panthers could have handled the Raiders. Whether we could have survived the football game until the gang fight is another question, however.

END

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Nationwide independent TV reports Zenith Color TV

Here are the questions and of multiple-brand

Which color TV needs the fewest repairs?

Independent TV servicemen were asked this question because they are in a unique position to judge the reliability of different color TV brands.

Every major brand sold in the U.S. was included in this study.

The servicemen named Zenith most often as the brand of color TV which requires the fewest repairs. More than twice as many named Zenith (30%) as mentioned the second-place brand.

QUESTION: "In general, of the brands you are familiar with, which one would you say requires the fewest repairs?"

ANSWERS: Zenith	30%
Brand A	11%
Brand B	9%
Brand C	5%
Brand D	4%
Brand E	3%
Brand F	2%
Brand G	2%
Brand H	2%
Brand I	1%
Other Brands	3%
About Equal	21%
Don't Know	11%

Which color TV is easiest to fix when it does need repairs?

When something goes wrong with a color TV, being able to fix it easily means a lower repair bill.

Zenith is named more often in the survey than any other brand as being the easiest to repair. One-third (34%) of the TV servicemen report Zenith Color TV is the easiest to repair. A significantly smaller percentage (25%) named the second-place brand as the easiest to repair, and a much smaller percentage named other brands.

QUESTION: "In general, of the brands you are familiar with, which one would you say is easiest to repair?"

ANSWERS: Zenith	34%
Brand A	25%
Brand B	11%
Brand D	5%
Brand F	4%
Brand E	4%
Brand C	3%
Brand I	1%
Other Brands	3%
About Equal	18%
Don't Know	1%

survey of servicemen needs fewest repairs.

answers from a 175-city survey
TV service shops.

Which color TV would you prefer to own yourself?

Servicemen know color TV from the inside out. So we wanted their opinion on which brand they would buy today for themselves.

More servicemen named Zenith as the color TV they would buy (35%) than named any other brand.

QUESTION: "If you were buying a new color TV set for yourself today, which brand would you buy?"

ANSWERS: Zenith	35%
Brand A	21%
Brand B	12%
Brand D	7%
Brand E	5%
Brand C	4%
Brand F	4%
Brand G	3%
Brand H	1%
Brand I	1%
Other Brands	6%
Don't Know	9%

NOTE: Answers total more than 100% because some servicemen named more than one brand.

How the survey was made.

One of the best-known research firms in America conducted this study of independent TV servicemen's attitudes toward brands of color television. Telephone interviews were conducted with TV servicemen themselves in April, 1972, in 175 cities from coast to coast. To eliminate the factor of loyalty to a single brand, the study included only shops which serviced more than one brand of TV. Survey details are available on request.



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THE WAY TO A SUPER BOWL

by **DON JOHNSON**
with
KIM CHAPIN

"When Don Johnson's legs start to tremble," said an old rival who no doubt felt that he had followed in Johnson's quike once too often, "I don't like to howl against him. I know he's got that winning feeling." Since mid-1969 very few people have enjoyed competing against the Akron professional. In that time he has won 13 PBA championships and nearly \$200,000 in prize money. His career totals are 19 wins and \$318,149, second only to Dick Weber on the alltime lists. Last December and January Johnson was nearly the perfect kegler. He won four PBA events, was named 1971 Bowler of the Year and, at 32, was easily the best howler of his generation.

Johnson began serious howling at 14 in his hometown of Kokomo, Ind., when he realized that he never would be tall enough to play basketball or big enough for football.

Nine years later he was a regular on the PBA tour. He is at his best when the pressure is greatest and he attributes much of his success to instinct. "It's no accident that Weber and I are one-two," he says. "We both have the ability to make those last-second corrections that are the difference between strikes and disaster. That is something you can't learn. If you read a bowling book and then watched me, sometimes you wouldn't think I was a pro."

Don't believe it. By watching Johnson you can learn plenty. On the following pages he describes the perfect delivery, tells how to convert four of the most common spares—though each howler must adjust for his own delivery—and discloses the seven-point checklist that helped make him a consummate howler and, with plenty of practice and concentration, will make a better one of you.



"During my approach, I stride slowly. I keep my elbow locked throughout the back-and-downswings. My left foot and right arm hit the line at the same time. I release the ball over the line and crank my hand a quarter of a turn to achieve a hook."

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT RANOVILLE



"For a righthander the 10 is the most difficult single-pin leave [right]. I start my delivery far over, 25 boards to the left of center, using almost all of the 40-inch lane. My spot is between the fourth and fifth arrows and I throw the ball harder and with less hook than normally."



"Sometimes all the wood doesn't fall, as in the 2-4-5-8 combination. Hit the 2-pin fully with a hook, and the ball will miss the 5. Hit it lightly on the right, and the ball misses the 8 on the left. I concentrate on the 2-5 pocket. The ball takes out the 2, 5 and 8 and the 2 deflects into the 4."





"The 6-7-10 [left] is a tricky split that requires skill and luck. I'm happy enough when I knock down the 6 and 10, but there are times when I go for broke. I shoot this as I do the single 10-pin leave. The ball clips the 6-pin, then blows out the 10 while the 6 knocks down the 7."



"The 5-7 is a pocket split that even we pros make only half the time. The important thing here, as with all combination leaves, is to get the forward pin. I move three boards left of center, using the same spot as for a full rack. The ball grazes the 5 on the right and moves into the 7."

CONTINUED



"Be a spot bowler. It is easier to hit a spot that has been put there for you 15 feet away than to focus on pins 60 feet down the lane. But concentrate hard on it—miss the spot and your error will be quadrupled by the time the ball reaches the pocket—and learn to repeat your delivery exactly. Only your position at the start and the spot you are aiming at change. Your delivery does not. I check myself after each release against the following list:

"1) Was my left foot pointed at the head pin? If so, I know my steps were straight and the ball was delivered with balance.

"2) Was my left leg bent and supporting my weight? This tells me if I released the ball smoothly and close to the lane.

"3) Were my hips square to the foul line at the release?

"4) And were my shoulders square to the foul line? If the hips and shoulders are square, I know I have used my full body strength.

"5) Was my follow-through at least shoulder-high? If so, I know the ball will not drift.

"6) Was my left arm kept well out from the body? This is the counterweight against the ball.

"7) Did my right foot drag behind me on the floor until I stopped? The foot is my broke.

"If I've been right on all these counts—and hit my spot—the pins ought to fall."



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Hugo Zacchini—better known as The Human Cannonball—is no one-shot performer. He had himself shot from a cannon not once but twice at the Baltimore City Fair. Then he shot off his mouth a little about the cannonballing business. "The first part is like being in a fast-rising elevator and coming down is like diving from a high board. You can't close your eyes. You try to keep them open all the time so you can judge your landing." And if you miss? "Squash The Great Zacchini is The Great Zucchini."

Just after a Miami Dolphin victory **Larry Csonka** was pondering the many-hued rewards of pro football. "My left leg is turning yellow," he noticed. "My back is turning blue. Sometimes I wish I'd studied harder in college so I could be a veterinarian and go around putting dogs on the head instead of this."

Billy Tohill, salty-tongued head coach of the TCU Horned Frogs, has been known to become overenthusiastic in his use of language on the football field. Since Texas Christian is a religious institution, Tohill's lapses have come to the attention

of Chancellor James Mousdy. Dr. Mousdy decided to bring words with his coach. "Billy," he said, "I hear you've been taking the Lord's name in vain on the practice field." Tohill answered: "I ain't been taking it in vain—it works."

★ **Nancy Witt** just has to be the only woman in the world who owns her own pro football team. An ex-strapper who runs Rockmountain Fascination, a Colorado hooking agency for rock 'n' roll groups, Miss Witt saved her money and bought a minor league outfit called the Lakewood Oilers for \$5,000. As owner, she has assigned herself the job of holding the ball for extra points. She has held for eight PATs, of which kicker Chuck Holmes has converted three, including one via a dropkick when Miss Witt bobbed the ball and passed it off to him. "About 50% of the guys were against me," she says, "but after I got hit the first time, I think they were all with me." That tackle, by a 270-pounder from the Oklahoma City team, did not discourage Miss Witt, who now says she wants to play regularly in the defensive backfield. It's your team, Nancy.

Before the baseball season started, staff members of Long Island's *New Yorker* staged a contest to pick the top team in each division. Now the paper has revealed the winner. Food Editor **Barbara Heller**. She picked three winners—Cincinnati, Pittsburgh and Oakland—more than any of the baseball writers. "We'll be glad to eat crow," says one of the winners, Joe Gergen, "provided Barbara prepares it with a Béarnaise sauce."

★ **Sidney Walker**, better known as Beau Jack, one of the most successful welterweights in boxing history, is famous again. He is the man a Texas company



thought of when it wanted a name for a new fiber-glass fishing boat that combined lightness and toughness. Here's Beau Jack skipping a Beau Jack. Now 51, Jack is currently a bootblack at the Fontainebleau Hotel in Miami Beach.

Last summer former Defense Secretary **Robert McNamara** and three friends bought 41 acres (for \$450,000) on Martha's Vineyard, including "Jungle Beach," a popular hangout for unclothed bathers. Local nudists were angry over this expropriation of their sandy pad. Just how angry, McNamara discovered recently. Aboard the Martha's Vineyard ferry, he heard someone shout that there was a phone call for him in the wheelhouse. When McNamara stepped onto the deck, a young

man grabbed him and tried to throw him overboard. The attacker was fought off by McNamara and restrained for the rest of the trip by companions, among them **Kingman Brewster III**, son of the president of Yale. McNamara did not press charges, which seems like condoning naked aggression.

Frontiersman **Davy Crockett** killed him a bar when he was only three and certainly never shot himself while walking through the woods. But a latter-day Davy Crockett did just that while stalking game in California's Inyo National Forest. The local sheriff says that **David Crockett**, 38, of Torrance, Calif., was hunting in mountains west of Porterville when he stumbled and fell, discharging a pistol stuffed in his pants pocket. The damage to Crockett's posterior was slight, but imagine the embarrassment to his posterity.

When Memphis State scored its first touchdown of the season, the extra-point kick was caught in the end zone by the **Rev. Henry West**, a Baptist minister from Coxton, Tenn. The Rev. West took the ball home, but for the next couple of weeks he wrestled with his conscience. Finally he appealed to his congregation for guidance. "Did you ever wake up in a cold sweat from a nightmare in which 51,571 people were pointing at you and saying, 'Preacher, you kept that 530 football?'" he asked. The congregation gave him the word. After thinking it over, Rev. West returned the ball.

Auburn Coach **Shug Jordan** has consistently and firmly opposed the use of synthetic grass, so his reaction was predictable when he found his wife had bought an AstroTurf doormat. "We had a real doonybrook," Jordan says. "I told her she had pulled the rug out from under me."



Mama taught me it takes more than a towel to really get dry.

It's hard to imagine, but Harmon Killebrew was once a tiny little baby. After his bath, his mother would sprinkle JOHNSON'S Baby Powder all over his little body. That pure white powder would help dry up the moisture his towel left behind,

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It gets you drier than just your towel.



Old Bear: unbeaten and unhappy

Coach Bryant frets about defense, but Alabama keeps on winning



DAVIS RUNS THE OFFENSE—LITERALLY

After winning three national championships, Bear Bryant is not about to start worrying over a little thing like being ranked only third in the nation. Not when it is still October. And especially when he knows his unbeaten All-Americans rate no better than sixth best on rushing defense in the Southeastern Conference. Poll votes do not make tackles, nor have they been known to turn slow athletes into the speedy, agile linebackers that once were the backbone of Bryant's stingy defenses. Even though Alabama has won all its games, opponents at times this season have pounced through on the Tide, and the Bear, with Tennessee and LSU ahead, is not content. Shortly before Florida's tender but talented Gators showed up in Tuscaloosa last Saturday, Bryant observed, "If we don't find some quickness, we are going to make a lot of ordinary backs look like All-Americans."

But Bryant is perhaps overcautious. Alabama also has been doing a lot of things right, such as playing offense. All-America Johnny Musso is gone, but Bryant has replaced him with a battalion of running backs who are both fast enough to go around a tackler and powerful enough to go through him—dealer's choice. The Bear has three very capable fullbacks, all of whom he considers first-string. Because none of them has carried that many times in a single game, their individual statistics are hardly overwhelming, but collectively Ellis Beck, Steve Breech and Paul Spruey make a nice three-headed Heisman Trophy candidate. Bryant complements them with four halfbacks, each also "first-string." The seven come at you in waves, and by the second half they can make football less a game than an execution. In his first four victories Alabama scored 145 points, and if Bryant had so ordered the total could have been twice that.

The man who operates the offense is Terry Davis, a 177-pound senior quarterback who can run better than he can throw, though in his first four games he completed 21 of 31 passes for 274 yards and three touchdowns.

"We didn't think Davis could throw," said Kentucky Coach John Ray after losing to Alabama 35-0. "We took the attitude that he had to throw to beat us, and he did."

Bryant thinks his quarterback should throw even more. "Terry is the most underrated passer in the country," he says, "and people just dare us to throw. They give us the air and we've got to take it. We keep saying we will throw more and we never do. We just get ahead and we stay on the ground."

But when you have blockers up from like 263-pound All-America Guard John Hannah and 242-pound second-string All-America Tackle Jim Krafz, why throw at all? Hannah is the SEC shotput and decets champion.

"I never worry about Jim getting hurt in a game," says Krafz's wife Paddy. "At least not by the other team. The only thing I worry about is Hannah falling on him."

In the opening game against Duke, Krafz, the SEC heavyweight wrestling champion for three years, came limping off the field with a knee injury, nothing serious but very painful. "Hannah rolled on me," he later explained, "and when Big John rolls on you, it smarts."

When Hannah won his track, itles he weighed 298 pounds, the proper shape for the shot and decets. But one he found unfavorable for football. He put himself on a daily diet of one cup of split-pea soup and a one-inch cube of Cheddar cheese. Ten weeks later he showed up for fall practice weighing 265 pounds.

"I'd have loved to have gone on the same diet to help him," said Hannah's slim wife Paige, "but if I had I would have dropped to zero and disappeared."

"It was a starvation diet," Hannah says with a shrug. "But my goal is to be the best offensive lineman on the nation and what good is a goal if you don't set it high enough to sacrifice and work hard for?"

"Hannah is about the greatest thing you ever saw," says Bryant. "He's some blocker." Then his voice hardens. "But overall we're not the team I thought we'd be. Too slow on defense, not aggressive enough."

Alabama beat Duke 35-12 in the opener, but the Tide defense yielded 110 yards. The showing against Kentucky was better, but when Vanderbilt scored 21 points even though it lost to Alabama by 27, Bryant knew he had real problems. Vanderbilt had managed only six points against Mississippi State the week before. Bryant does not run up scores,

overboard

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but he does not like to give away points either. Georgia fell next, 25-7, but again the defense did not please the Bear. Four straight victories do not necessarily make for a happy head coach.

"With our schedule we can't keep playing the way we have and win," said Bryant last week while trying to figure a way to stop Florida's teen-age offense. The Gators prepped for Alabama by assaulting previously unbeaten Florida State 42-13.

Bryant said Florida was the most improved team in the country. Also, it is the least believable. Its top scorer is 20-year-old junior Nat Moore, who is not even listed in the press brochure. That is because last year he played basketball at a Miami junior college, and the year before that he was on the varsity of a truck-driving team delivering corned beef and pastrami to Miami delicatessens. A 9.7 sprinter, he wound up on Florida's football team upon the recommendation of his junior college basketball coach.

Bryant hoped that Florida was not as good as it looked against Florida State, but in the first quarter, with Moore running well, the Gators punched out 168 yards, 60 coming at one clip on a dazzling scoring romp by the pastrami man. That was all Alabama gave away—the opening 15 minutes. After that Bryant got the kind of defense he likes—quick and crunching. Florida managed to gain only two yards in the second quarter and 13 in the third.

At halftime, with Davis throwing more and hitting less, Alabama, a 24-point favorite, led by only 10-7. In the second half the Tide shed the razzle-dazzle and settled down to what it does best—physical football.

"They are a very powerful team," said Georgia Coach Vince Dooley. "They line up and come at you." And that is just what Alabama did. It took the second-half kickoff and went 74 yards in 18 plays, all on the ground. When Davis skirted right end for four yards and the touchdown there was little more than six minutes left in the quarter.

In the fourth period, with a new set of backs including reserve Quarterback Gary Ristledge, Alabama drove 87 yards, all without a pass, to close it out at 24-7. "We're getting things together," said Jim Krapf afterward. "It was an especially good game for me. Hannah didn't roll on me."

THE WEEK

by GWILYM S. BROWN

WEST

1. USC (6-0)
2. UCLA (5-1)
3. AIR FORCE (5-0)

Week after week the Washington Huskies looked bad yet won, but last Saturday in Palo Alto they just looked bad. The Huskies not only lost a game to Stanford 24-0, they also may have lost their star quarterback, Sonny Strickler, for the rest of the season. Strickler injured his left knee in a first-quarter collision with Stanford Safety Dennis Bragoner, but even while he was at the controls the Washington offense had its usual case of jitters, fumbling the ball away twice. Stanford scored all three of its touchdowns in the first half, then added a 12-yard field goal by Rod Garcia in the third quarter. Cardinal Quarterback Mike Boryla had target practice in the Husky secondary, completing 24 of 44 passes for 291 yards and throwing touchdowns of 23 and 30 yards to Eric Cross and Don Alvarado. Stanford's third TD came on a fake field-goal attempt from the Washington 20. Holder Steve Murray rose up at the snap and hit Miles Moore with a scoring pass. "I've been waiting three years for that play," said Murray, who also doubles as a substitute safety.

USC had only a light workout against California. The Trojans stretched their undefeated record to six games and will probably keep stretching it effortlessly until they meet UCLA on Nov. 18. The USC front five of Monte Doers, John Grant, Jeff Winsans, James Sims and Dale Mitchell kept the Golden Bears in check until late in the game. Quarterback Mike Rae ran for two touchdowns and his substitute, Pat Haden, came on in the second half to keep things rolling with scoring passes of 40 and nine yards to Charles Young as the Trojans won 42-14.

UCLA bobbed up with some alert defensive work by Tackle Rich Gunther and a good substitute quarterback of its own in a 37-7 rout of Oregon State at Corvallis. The Bruins led at the half 17-7, plowing in to score from three and eight yards out after Gunther had jumped on a punt that had been blocked by teammate Rick Baska and then recovered a fumble by the Beavers' Dick Maurer. UCLA added another touchdown in the third quarter and two more in the fourth when Rob Scribner came on with the second-string backfield as a substitute for Quarterback Mark

Harmon, gained 156 yards on six-hip keepers and ran 23 yards for a son bid win on the game's final play.

In a wild one at Tempe, Arizona State, getting and giving up touchdowns like Monopoly money, scored 45 points in the first half, then held on to beat Utah 59-48. Despite the loss of Woody Green, the nation's leading rusher, with a first-quarter knee injury, the Sun Devils amassed a total of 632 yards on offense. They trailed 20-17 after the first quarter, but in the second Quarterback Danny White engineered four touchdown drives. He passed to Wingback Steve Holden for one score and dived over himself for another, while the defense blanked the Redskins and put the game out of reach, despite the loser's final-quarter flurry of 22 points.

SOUTHWEST

1. TEXAS (3-1)
2. ARKANSAS (4-1)
3. RICE (2-1-1)

For the first time in nine years Oklahoma, leading the nation in total offense (621 yards per game), rushing (498.7) and scoring (36.3), was favored in its traditional game with Texas at the Cotton Bowl. The Sooners won as predicted, 27-0, but it was the defense, not the offense, that provided the punch. It blocked a punt, intercepted four passes, recovered four Texas fumbles and scored two touchdowns as the Longhorns were shut out for the first time in 101 games. Playing with almost hysterical energy, Texas more or less contained Great Grant (81 yards on 11 carries) and the rest of the Oklahoma offense (273 yards), trailing only 3-0 with three minutes left in the third quarter. Then Tackle Derland Moore broke through to block a third-down quick-kick attempt by Texas Quarterback Alan Lowmy from his own 25-yard line and Guard Lajious Selmon fell on the bounding half in the end zone. "I know a lot of folks who paid \$7 will question that play," Texas Coach Darrell Royal said later, "but nothing is good that boys backfired."

Lots of things have seemed to backfire for Arkansas this year. The Razorbacks lost their opener at home to USC, squandered narrow victories in their next three games and last week had to tussle and huddle right down to the wire to beat Baylor 31-20 in Fayetteville. Arkansas Running Back Dickey Merton had a fine day, with 157 yards gained on 34 carries, and so did the Razorback defense, stealing four Baylor passes and recovering on three fumbles, but the offense was erratic on a soggy field. The Razorbacks led 28-6 late in the third quarter, but

continued

Bayler made it 29-20 with 11 minutes to play. Then Mark Hollingsworth choked off two Bayler drives with interceptions and Mike Kirkland kicked the clincher, a 23-yard field goal with 1:49 left.

Houston reserve Quarterback Terry Peel hit Robert Ford on a 99-yard touchdown pass play, and starting Quarterback D. C. Nobles threw for four other scores as the Cougars swamped previously unbeaten San Diego State 49-14. Texas Christian routed Tulsa 35-9 and Texas Tech came from behind to edge Texas A&M 17-14.

SOUTH

1. LSU (5-0)
2. ALABAMA (5-0)
3. TENNESSEE (4-1)

Virginia Tech fans have been kept in a state of frenzy this year by the arm of Don Strock, the nation's leader in passing and total offense, and some hair-raising finishes. Two weeks ago at home in Blacksburg the Gobblers tied Houston when the Cougar place-kicker missed an extra-point try with 75 seconds left to play. Last week in Blacksburg against Oklahoma State, Don's place-kicking brother, Dave, went from goat to goat to hero in a matter of seconds as VPI won 34-32 on an 18-yard field goal with 12 seconds left. Quarterback Strock had hit on 20 of 40 passes for 355 yards and two touchdowns and Placekicker Strock had booted a 53-yard field goal, but with time running out Tech still trailed the heavily favored Cowboys 32-31. At this point Dave missed a field goal from the 12-yard line. But wait! A flag on the play. OSU was off-side, so Dave tried again from the seven. Blocked! And OSU recovered on the two. But wait again! On the first play from scrimmage, Cowboy Fullback George Palmer, who had gained 128 yards rushing, fumbled and Donnie Sproune recovered for VPI on the three. Three plays later Dave got his third chance and this time he clicked from the eighty-yard line for the victory.

Speculation as to whether undefeated Auburn could snap the nation's longest winning streak for the third straight week, as it had against Tennessee and Mississippi, was laid to rest early last Saturday night in its game with LSU at Baton Rouge. Before a record home crowd of 70,132 the Tiger offense operated with lethal efficiency the first two times it had the ball, marching 67 and 69 yards. Auburn never had a chance, eventually losing 35-7, and the nation's longest winning streak is now nine. LSU Quarterback Bert Jones had his most productive game of the season. He eluded LSU's first scoring march with a touchdown run

of seven yards, completed 10 of 14 passes for 179 yards and connected on scoring strikes of 19, 19 and 27 yards, all to Wide Receiver Gerald Kogley. The Bengals' other touchdown came on a dazzling halfback option play with nine seconds left in the first half and locked the game away for keeps. Wide Receiver Joe Fakier took a reverse from Jones, then passed into the end zone to Tight End Brad Boyd, who wrestled the ball away from Auburn Safety Dave Beck.

In Jackson, Mississippi State was out to save its coach, Charley Shults, rumored to be leaving at the end of the season. But visiting Florida State, with a defense weakened by an accumulation of injuries, was not to save a season that had started well and then been partially wrecked two weeks ago by Florida. The result for the pass-madness Seminoles was a rare ball-control game plan and a 25-21 victory. "There was no choice but to keep the football," said winning Coach Larry Jones. "We knew our defense could not hold." If the game had lasted a few seconds longer it might not have held. FSU marched 73 yards for the first score, a Gary Huff to Barry Smith pass of 14 yards. Mississippi State tied it on a seven-yard run by Mel Barkum, but Huff, who completed an unusually modest 10 of 18 passes, hit Smith on a 53-yard touchdown play, and Ahmet Askin kicked a 4-yard field goal to give the Seminoles a 17-7 lead, which they held until 16 seconds remained. Then the game turned wild. Mississippi State scored on a 21-yard pass from Rocky Felker to Bill Buckley to make it 17-15. FSU retaliated on the first play from scrimmage on a 49-yard run by Mike Davison and it was 25-15. So Felker hit Tommy Strahan with a 13-yard scoring pass. 25-21. Then the Bulldogs recovered the ensuing onside kickoff at the Mississippi State 44 with 16 seconds left. Felker was still vainly throwing as time ran out.

In the other half of a doubleheader in Jackson, Georgia scrambled back from a 13-0 deficit to nip Mississippi 14-13. Ole Miss marched 81 yards for a touchdown the first time it had the ball, then came back again to score late in the first half on a 42-yard pass from Quarterback Norris Wootte to Bill Malouf. But Bulldog Defensive Back Dick Conner broke through to deflect Steve Livingston's try for the extra point. A couple of plays later Georgia got its first touchdown on a 74-yard pass down the middle from Quarterback James Ray to Tailback Hal (The Miracle) Brucell, and scored again early in the fourth quarter when Andy Johnson dived over from the one, Kim Braswell kicked the winning conversion.

At Chapel Hill, North Carolina toppled Kentucky 31-20 and in Miami the Hurricanes ended an eight-game losing streak by upsetting Tulane 24-21 on a 32-yard touchdown pass from Ed Carney to Witt Back-

man with 54 seconds left. After the game it was learned that Miami had scored the winning touchdown on a "fifth down," reminiscent of the famous 1940 Cornell-Dartmouth game. Unlike Cornell, Miami did not immediately plan to concede the game.

EAST

1. PENN STATE (4-1)
2. DARTMOUTH (3-0)
3. WEST VIRGINIA (4-2)

Penn State, showing none of the stuttering that had marked the first part of its season, put on a display of precise, efficient football in shutting out Army 45-0 before a crowd of 42,352 at West Point. Natty Lion Quarterback John Hufnagel, directing his offense with the snap of a drill sergeant until retiring in the third quarter, completed 12 of 18 passes for two touchdowns and 151 yards, and ran for an additional 71 yards. At Syracuse, Navy also took its lumps, falling behind 21-0 in its first quarter and finally losing to the Orangemen 30-14. It was left to unbeaten Air Force to uphold service-academy honor and the Falcons did it just barely, edging Boston College 13-9. Two first-quarter field goals by Dave Lawson and a 10-yard touchdown pass from Rich Haynie to Greg Smith put Air Force ahead 13-0 before the Eagles scored on a two-yard touchdown run by sophomore Mike Lysenko and a 33-yard field goal by Fred Sorenfort as the half ended. In the second half three Air Force interceptions shut off Boston College scoring marches.

The Ivies started mixing it up in earnest. At New York, in a game between two strong title contenders, Harvard edged Columbia 20-18 when the Lions failed three times on two-point conversion attempts, the last disappointment coming with less than two minutes left in the game. In Ithaca, Cornell blew a 17-0 lead over Penn, but managed to nip the Quakers 24-20 when End John McKeown outjumped two defenders in the end zone to catch a 12-yard touchdown pass from Quarterback Mark Allen with 36 seconds left. At Hanover, Dartmouth opened its scoring on a 40-yard pass play from Fullback Doug Lind to Halfback Rick Klupchak, and got three more touchdowns from Quarterback Steve Stetson on runs of six, 32 and one yard as it rolled over Princeton 35-14. At New Haven, Yale scored 25 points in the first quarter against Brown but did not keep the game until the third quarter when Halfback Dick Jenson, who gained 154 yards on 14 carries, got 80 of them on a touchdown burst over left tackle to snap the Elis' 53-19 victory.

Temple upset West Virginia 39-36 when

continued



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COLLEGE FOOTBALL

Owl Fullback Paul Leighman, who had scored two earlier touchdowns, fielded a Mountain West punt on his 21-yard line, moved to the right behind his blockers and sprinted 79 yards to score with 2:06 left.

MIDWEST

1. OKLAHOMA (4-0)
2. OHIO STATE (4-0)
3. NOTRE DAME (4-0)

"If you want to know why coaches get ulcers," said Illinois Coach Bob Blackman, "sit around and think about Archie Griffin carrying the football three more years." Ohio State's freshman tailback was at his best again last week, piling up 192 yards rushing in 27 carries, most of them bursts inside tackle, as the Buckeyes ground out a 26-7 win over the Irish. Nor will Griffin's sophomore running mate, 6' 4", 224-pound Fullback Harold Henson, provide much balm for opposing coaches. Henson punched out his seventh, eighth and ninth touchdowns of the season on short runs, all in the first half. Ohio State took a 13-0 first-quarter lead on marches of 30 and 51 yards. Illinois struck suddenly on a 40-yard halfback pass from Lonnie Perrin to Joe Lewis, but Henson's third touchdown gave the Buckeyes a 19-7 halftime lead. In the second half Woody Hayes turned conservative, even for him, ordering up only three passes (one for a touchdown) even though Illinois stacked eight defenders on the line to shut down the Ohio State running game.

Notre Dame, perhaps sluggish from its tough game with Michigan State the week before, got off to a slow start against winless Pitt at South Bend. Leading only 14-8 during the third period, the Irish finished with a flourish and sent the Panthers to their sixth defeat of the year 42-16. The Irish lost three fumbles in the first half and were looking shaky in the second until sophomore Drew Mahalo, darted in front of a pass from Pat Quarterback John Hogan and ran it back 56 yards for the touchdown that broke the game open. Fullback Andy Huff scored three touchdowns on short runs, and freshman Running Back Art Best went 56 yards for another touchdown the first time he ever carried the ball for Notre Dame.

Nebraska Coach Bob Devaney has so much offensive depth that it troubles him. He is afraid that even his Cornhusker reserves won't be able to restrain themselves from running up mammoth scores and that he will be accused of cruelty. Last week at home against Missouri his boys proved irreplaceable again. The regulars played only 39 minutes, but when they came off the field the reserves took over without missing

a beat and rolled up a 62-0 shutout. Sophomore Quarterback Dave Humm played beautiful mawse with his passing arm, hitting on 15 of 22 throws for 267 yards and three touchdowns. His replacement, Steve Rottis, completed five of seven for 62 yards in the third quarter. "I have to let Rottis throw a few passes," said Devaney. "He wants to play football. I can't hold him forever." Slotback Johnny Rodgers scored only one touchdown, on a 28-yard pass from Humm, but it gave him a Nebraska record of 216 points.

Michigan State advanced deeper into the gloom of a disastrous season by losing 10-0

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

THE BACKS: Virginia Tech's Struck brothers, Quarterback Don and Placekicker Dave. Don passed for 355 yards and two touchdowns in Tech Tech close to Oklahoma State. Dave then won the game with a last-minute field goal.

THE LINEMEN: Notre Dame's Jim O'Malley, a 6' 2", 224-pound senior linebacker who led the defense with 10 tackles and seven assists in the undefeated Irish beat Pittsburgh 42-16 and stifled both its running and passing attacks.

to Michigan before 103,735 spectators at Ann Arbor. But Duffy Daugherty's Spatfalls are unlucky. They lost a 28-yard kickoff run by Quarterback Mark Nissen through a clipping penalty. They lost another possible touchdown when Running Back David Brown was hit by Michigan Safety Dave Brown (that's right) on the Wolverine three and lost the battle of the Browns, fumbling the ball away into the end zone for a touchback. Finally, a rare Daugherty gamble backfired. With nine minutes to play and his team fourth and one on the Michigan 40, Duffy called a wide sweep. It was stopped short. Two plays later Michigan Quarterback Dennis I ranklin pitched back to Gil Chapman on an end around. A good block by tackle Paul Seymour wiped out the defensive end and Chapman ran down the sideline 58 yards for the clinching touchdown.

Wesconsin and Indiana met in battle for what Ohio State and Michigan plan to leave to the rest of the Big Ten, and the Hoosiers turned up with a surprising 13-7 rout. Indiana Placekicker Chris Gartin, a senior from Sweden, set a Big Ten record by kicking four field goals, one from 48 yards out, and the Indiana defense confined Wisconsin's squire running back, Rufus (Roadrunner) Ferguson, to a mere 14 yards in 15 carries and no touchdowns.

Colorado showed signs that it has recovered from the shock of its upset by Oklahoma State three weeks ago, stopping previously unbeaten Iowa State 34-22. **END**



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Up in raptures about some Raptores

It used to be that men rose up in arms when thousands of birds of prey appeared above the Appalachians each autumn, but now bird lovers in the Pennsylvania mountains watch like hawks to see what passes

Hawk Mountain Sanctuary is a private holding of some 2,000 acres in the Kittatinny Ridge area of east-central Pennsylvania. The heart of the preserve, its *avifaunal core*, is a jumble of bare, windswept and almost always cold boulders at the very top of the mountain. In the fall of the year these rocks are to the bird-watching fraternity what the clubhouse veranda at Augusta, Ga., is to golf freaks in April. It is the place to be, the scene to make, if you have pretensions to being anybody in the birding Establishment, or if you simply want to spectate at the year's classiest ornithological event.

Virtually everyone who knows how to use a Peterson bird guide and binoculars has heard about Hawk Mountain and the show there. Each year between September and December more than 20,000 birders come to sit on the sanctuary rocks for a few hours, days or even weeks—to watch a great natural pageant, the southerly flight of migrating birds of prey. Why hawks, eagles and falcons fly close by the mountain is easy to explain. Despite environmental alterations, poisons and harassment, there are still thousands of these birds breeding in the woodlands of the northeastern United States and Canada. In late summer they move south leisurely, following the curving line of the Appalachians. They do so for sound aerodynamic reasons. As the

wind strikes the ridges, updrafts are created. The birds of prey—or as they are known collectively, Raptores—ride the buoyant air, almost effortlessly soaring and drifting toward their winter grounds. Over the years certain knolls, balds and outcroppings in Virginia, West Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania and New Jersey have become popular as places where hawk watchers go to meet the birds. Hawk Mountain is the best known and best located of these natural spectating stands. There, because of peculiarities of terrain, the air currents cause the birds to float within a few feet of the rocks on which the watchers sit and from which they identify and log in 20,000 or more birds of prey every season.

Why people should be at Hawk Mountain watching these birds is not such a simple matter: it is a phenomenon tangled up with history, psyche and illusions. The best that can be said is that for a very long time birds of prey have fascinated men to a degree and in a way that no other creatures have. In animistic times past, hawks, eagles and falcons were deified and worshiped. Flags, battle standards, seals, coins and memorials have been adorned with figures of these birds. They have a place in our poetry, drama, art, language and metaphysics. We have adopted the Raptores as pluperfect symbols, living embodiments of cer-

tain cherished concepts and virtues. The sight of a hawk aloft sets many people contemplating such things as fierceness, wildness and freedom, and sets some brooding about personal ambition and deficiency.

Perhaps because they are so often asked to explain themselves, hawk watchers have analyzed their passion. "I suppose we seem like nuts," said a Philadelphia attorney sitting on a Hawk Mountain rock one brisk Sunday. "Here we are freezing our behinds just to watch some birds. But there are going to be 50,000 or more people who are just as cold this afternoon watching a bad football game in Veterans Stadium. Why are they there? Supposedly because they like the action—the running, throwing and collisions. I'm up here for the same reason. To me, a couple of redtails sailing along the ridge look better than John Reaves. It's a matter of taste. I get a bigger kick out of one golden eagle than I do out of 11 Philadelphia Eagles even if they are playing 11 Atlanta Falcons."

"I'm what you call a bird watcher, I guess," said a Defense Department employee who had driven up for the day from his Silver Spring, Md. home. "I get out a couple of weekends a month, take a walk, go down to the shore or come up here. I'm not a life-lister. I don't measure enthusiasm by the number of species I

continued



sight. It's just a nice thing to do. I come because one peregrine falcon riding the wind is worth a ton of warblers to me. I don't know why, but it's true."

In the relationship between men and birds of prey there often seems to be the companion emotion of hate as well as love. Just as many people have admired the Raptorial excessively, there are others who have persistently persecuted and slaughtered them, despising them as varmints and telling wild tales about a hawk's ability and inclination to kill things that we would like to kill. In some areas of the country certain species are all but extinct because of the ferocity with which they were hunted, and not infrequently by men who regarded themselves as conservationists.

In point of fact, the existence of the sanctuary owes as much to hawk haters as to hawk lovers. For the same reason that the ridge is a good place from which to watch the Raptorial, it was also a great stand from which to shoot them. In the late 1920s several hundred gunners might sit up in the rocks on a weekend and hang away at the migrating birds, killing or crippling thousands. These shoots were publicized favorably in the local press and recommended as outings for sportsmen, enabling them to do their hit against pests while at the same time enjoying an afternoon of fellowship.

Ornithologists had been aware of these carryings-on for years but their efforts to halt them were ineffectual. Laws protecting the birds of prey were nonexistent or feeble, and game warden and local politicians, many of whom were hawk shooters, thought well of the proceedings. By 1934 the slaughter at Hawk Mountain had reached atrocious proportions. It came to the attention of Mrs. Rosalie Edge, a wealthy and militant New York conservationist. Mrs. Edge took an option on and later helped purchase the mountaintop that now comprises the sanctuary. In addition, realizing that "No Hunting" signs were unlikely to change the habits of local gunners, she persuaded a Boston ornithologist, Maurice Brown, to live on the mountain every autumn and serve as a warden and sanctuary director.

Fortunately for him, Brown was an aggressive and gritty man. When he showed up in the Pennsylvania hills, the feeling

was that his career would be short and violent. Local outdoor writers, hunting clubs and sporting-goods suppliers rallied against him as an outside agitator. During Brown's first two seasons he was constantly confronting trespassing gunners, whose reaction to the sanctuary status of their most productive shooting stand ranged from sullen to forceful. But Brown and his wife, sometimes backed up by muscular bird watchers, eventually cleared the gunners from the ridge. Despite the dire predictions, he survived and stayed on to oversee the preserve for 30 years.

Today the Hawk Mountain Sanctuary Association has 4,500 members. There is an office headquarters at the sanctuary



and an exhibit and lecture hall. A full-time staff of four conducts a year-round program, arranging natural-history lectures for members and school groups. Beginning with Brown, who was an energetic writer and wide-ranging lecturer, the sanctuary has been concerned with all birds of prey, not just those that fly past Kittatinny Ridge. The Hawk Mountain group so stirred up conservationists elsewhere that all Raptorial are now protected by federal law.

Despite ancillary excursions into education, research and conservation politics, the principal function of Hawk Mountain remains to provide a spectator

area for bird enthusiasts. On a good fall weekend (clear, cold and windy) the hawks over Kittatinny will draw better than the Pittsburgh Condors ever did. Among these spectators are flocks of Sunday drivers. These hardy innocents, who cannot tell a hawk from a hand saw, amuse the sanctuary staff with questions about when the hawks will be fed and where can they see hairy hawks. But there are always on the rocks, alone or in exclusive groups, hard-core hawk watchers, men and women who are there every week. They may have been making the scene for decades. They tend to be competitive life-lifers ("I was in Thailand last week on business and picked up a very good hawk at the Bangkok airport"). Real buffs not only want to see good birds—for instance, a goshawk, of which only 60 or so appear each fall—but also to spot them first. With delight they call out a bird's identification and its position in the sky. Their pleasure appears complete if another veteran misses the bird or, in the parlance of the rocks, "blows a gos," confusing a small male goshawk with a large female Cooper's hawk.

Among the in crowd at Hawk Mountain, those with impeccable boots, foul-weather gear and spotting scopes, there is growing concern about the popularity of the sanctuary and the sport. "All the publicity and the clearing of trails and camping areas has opened up this place to the tourists," grumbled one veteran. "You get a hunch now that starts shouting when a crow comes over. My feeling is that this should be a place for hawks and the people who appreciate them. There is Disneyland for the tourists."

In short, hawk enthusiasts are not much different from the bleacher bums at Wrigley Field or the doggy crowd at Westminster or the veranda gang at Augusta. They are passionately addicted spectators, proud of their expertise and scornful of those who are ignorant of the proper form.

"My place is across from the post office at home," said a true hawk man, the proprietor of an upstate New York hardware store. "I watch the flag in front of the post office. When it's standing straight out with a northwest wind, I get restless. The only place I want to be then is here."

END

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On Wednesday, Sept. 6, representatives from four cities—Memphis, Phoenix, Seattle and Tampa—gathered in New York's St. Regis Hotel prior to a meeting the next day with National Football League executives concerning expansion. The meeting had originally been announced as early as May, and in the intervening time all but Phoenix had hosted NFL exhibition games. Forty-four thousand had turned out in Seattle to see the New York Jets play the Pittsburgh Steelers. In Memphis the Steelers had faced New Orleans, a lack-luster matchup that still managed to draw 43,000. In Tampa, where the Baltimore Colts had played three exhibitions, crowds had averaged 40,000, which is 25,000 more than they had averaged in Baltimore the summer before.

So it was not without some flush of success that those men prepared for their long-expected meeting with Commissioner Pete Rozelle. Normally competitors, they had agreed to an intricately true but described as sycophantic Tampa's Bill Marium, for instance, had prepared a press summary of pertinent data about his city on two separate handouts. The first merely detailed Tampa's qualifications as an expansion site; the second, which could be produced if the four-city harmony faded, boasted Tampa at the expense of the other three.

As it turned out, Marium never produced either sheet. When the appointed moment for their audience arrived, they were told, "The commissioner is out of the office today." Some of Rozelle's lieutenants presided instead, but they provided little more than attentive ears. For their months of hope, about all the applicants got was an admonishment for letting news of the meeting get in the papers. Expansion is a hot issue that chills the NFL. Although Kansas City Owner Lamar Hunt has asked that the issue be placed on the annual NFL meeting agenda, all Rozelle will say is, "I believe there will be expansion in this decade."

If pro football finds the subject of expansion veering, it has only itself to blame. Late in 1966 when the league was desperate for merger approval, expansion was proffered to Congress as a reason for giving pro football an antitrust exemption. Without a merger, Capitol Hill was told, franchises would fold under the financial pressure of a bid-

The NFL's expansion plan is zero population growth

Pro football "guaranteed" Congress that it would keep adding new franchises, but applicants are discovering that it's "don't-call-us"

ding war; with it, the league could spread to new cities all over the great American gridiron. The NFL promised two new sites by 1968. New Orleans even got its franchise a year ahead of time, which was not surprising considering the legislative role played in the merger by Louisiana's Senator Russell Long and Congressman Hale Boggs. Before a House antitrust subcommittee, Rozelle stated that the league would study the possibility of more expansion, and he claimed that a merger would "guarantee" such growth. Yet at the Sept. 7 meeting Rozelle's stand-in said that no such study ever has been made. And those cities that relied on the "guarantee" rather than political favors are still without a franchise. The result is some aggrieved municipalities.

The owners in professional football want to stand pat for approximately the same reason that your neighborhood grocer does not welcome a new Safeway on the block. Exactly $\frac{1}{20}$ of television revenue is better than $\frac{1}{25}$ or $\frac{1}{31}$. Also, owners like to cite the paucity of talent already caused by expansion, though that posture pales on outdoor days when coaches harbor third-stringers like All-Pros. To avoid suggestions of greed, most owners claim they are ready for expansion whenever the league office gives the go-ahead. The league office protests that it just works for the owners and is only following orders.

It is estimated that it would cost \$15 million for a new NFL franchise, with the incumbent clubs dividing that money equally. The sum is supposedly the value of the 30 to 40 players turned over by the existing clubs (meaning that second-string tackles making \$20,000 a year are suddenly worth \$400,000). Citing this disparity, Ed Garvey, the executive director of the NFL Players Association, promises that when he renegotiates his group's contract in 1974 he

will try to secure a major share of any expansion entry fee for the players' pension fund.

But Garvey may be too late. In the proposed pro basketball merger bill, the Senate recommended that no ABA team would have to pay an indemnity to join the NBA except for a television fee. It is not hard to imagine a similar political attitude about the NFL.

Of the four cities bidding for an NFL franchise, Seattle is the largest. It is the 17th most populous metropolitan area in the nation. The Seattle Kings, the prospective NFL team that is being bankrolled at \$100,000 a year by Minneapolis businessman Wayne Field, already have a four-room suite of offices and a general manager, Hugh McElhenry, of University of Washington and San Francisco 49er fame. But other potential Seattle owners also are surfacing. Attempting to secure Field's claim to any future franchise, McElhenry had NFL Properties, Inc., a company whose profits are divided equally among the league's 26 teams, design uniforms for the Kings, and before the year is out he and Field plan to pay a visit, hopefully ingratiating, to every NFL club.

Seattle seems to have hurdled the last environmental challenge blocking construction of a \$40 million domed stadium, originally approved in 1968. University of Washington regents have sanctioned interim use of the Huskies' field, which is something Arizona State has refused to do for the citizens of Phoenix. Construction of a new stadium in Phoenix cannot be too far away, though, since the only real squabble delaying a 65,000-seat structure there is whether it is to be an \$18 million "bare bones" model or a lavish \$25 million spectacular.

Memphis, the smallest of the four hopefuls, already has a new 50,000-seat municipal park, which has been the site of six exhibitions. But only one of

continued

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these games drew more than 35,000, and Memphis suffers from a serious lack of civic involvement (though it did send representatives to the meeting. Two other possible expansion sites, Jacksonville and Honolulu, have made no concrete overtures at all to the NFL). When Lamar Hunt was looking for a new home for his Dallas Texans, he considered Memphis but got the cold shoulder from a city leadership skeptical of the AFL's financial future. A promoter named Mike Lynn heads the Memphis effort, but for a potential owner he had to go to Dallas, where he enlisted the support of Herman Lay, founder of the potato-chip firm.

Tampa seems best qualified as an expansion site. Big business remained uncertain about the Cigar City despite its own shallow hilling as the South's next Atlanta until Walt Disney bought 27,400 acres just 68 miles to the east, near Orlando. Orlando has its own NFL hopes, but Tampa tries to blunt that intramural competition by suggesting Orlando is nothing more than a part of its own television market area. Tampa is the larger of the two cities, and with the completion of its new airport, which comes to you direct from Tomorrowland, Tampa is experiencing a boom.

Tampa's pro football hopes date from the 1967 completion of a 46,700-seat municipal stadium, one that can be expanded to hold 70,000. For less than \$250,000, it could be temporarily enlarged to 60,000. Marcum, a 6' 5", 37-year-old Florida native, ran the first exhibition game there for the Jaycees. When 42,000 people turned out, he quit his job to promote pro football full time, and the following year he won the presidency of the Jaycees in a landslide. He has continued to head an aggressive civic drive highlighted by nine other games averaging 40,000 in attendance, a growing television market already larger than those of seven NFL cities and a glamorous potential part owner in golf's Jack Nicklaus.

Last summer the Baltimore Colts headquartered in Tampa. Marcum sold "season tickets" for the three Colt games and put the buyers' names into a computer, guaranteeing them the same seats if the disgruntled Colt management should permanently forsake Baltimore for Tampa. That hope disappeared when Colt Owner Carroll Rosenbloom traded the franchise for the Rams, but Tam-

pans can still retain their rights by exercising their ticket options at each future exhibition. For Marcum, the computer file represents a form of insurance. When a franchise does arrive in Tampa, he will own the only list of the 33,000 season ticket-holders. That should assure him of a job with the new club.

But Marcum faces the same problem as the civic leaders in other cities. His future is tied to the NFL, a reality that prohibits him from applying the sort of pressure for expansion that the issue of antitrust could provide. To start a pro football franchise today, a would-be operator has two choices. He can plead to the league for approval and pay the huge initiation fee if accepted. That was the routine for as long as the league demonstrated a willingness to expand. If, on the other hand, it can be proved in court that the NFL is prohibiting expansion, then it may be wiser not to beg for admission, but to sue for it. So far the league has been able to count on the fact that no petitioner would dare risk angering it. If the NFL is in violation of antitrust laws, the courts conceivably could order expansion. The legislative exemption acquired by the NFL in 1966 spares it from antitrust litigation only insofar as the merger itself was concerned.

One other avenue is that taken by Hunt and other AFL organizers 13 years ago. It can be convincingly argued that the formation of the AFL was no more than an attempt to gain entry into the NFL without an entry fee. Take the millions that the owners get for second-stringers and pay it directly to the talent and it would be possible to acquire some blue-chip players in a hurry. The World Hockey Association is trying to prove the worth of that strategy right now. "The situation is ripe for a Lamar Hunt," said one of the visitors to New York last month.

The NFL may not be able to avoid expansion action too long. Most of its reasons for delay will run out in 1974 when player association and television contracts come up for renewal and the last of the expansion-club payments will be made. Cincinnati, the newest team in professional football, will be in its seventh season that year. NFL owners may have to face up to the fact that having created an opiate for the people, they can no longer deny it to those who can support the habit.

END

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BILLIE JEAN: DOWN AND POSSIBLY OUT

That poor little girl wins the biggest non-prize

Chris Evert's take-home pay from her \$25,000 purse at Boca Raton was exactly zero, but next year as a pro she may need an armored car

It was the richest women's tennis tournament in history, the \$100,000 Virginia Slims Championship at Boca Raton, Fla., and just about the whole east of Women's Loh was there to chase after the peachy \$25,000 first prize or one of the smaller plums. Francoise Durr and her dog Topspin, Margaret Court with her husband and eight-month-old son in tow, and all those Marlies, Kerrys and Wendys in short frocks of tangerine and watermelon pink. The troupe was led by a majorette, the self-proclaimed "old lady," Billie Jean King, 28.

There were a few amateurs, too, most notably Chris Evert, forbidden by the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association to earn a cent with her rackets until she turns 18 on Dec. 21. Going into the battle at Boca Raton, this innocent child backing away with the most lethal strokes since Lizzie Borden has lost out on \$22,000 for the year, leavings that anybody would be glad to snatch up. Billie Jean—under no such benevolent protection—won \$117,000 in 1971, putting her \$75,000 up on the richest woman golfer, Kathy Whitworth, and actually ahead of any American tennis player—male or female. This year she had socked away a mere \$100,201 in winnings up to last week and had already clinched the Silver Ginnys award for amassing the most points on the circuit.

Billie Jean well might have added the Virginia Slims' \$25,000 to her total and been wallowing in her money vault like Scrooge McDuck, except for one thing: the court surface at the plush Boca Raton Hotel is clay, and Chris Evert is as comfortable with clay as a sculptress. Three out of five times she had beaten Billie Jean, and all three victories were on the slow Florida clay that inhabits

King's serve-and-volley game. There was another bad sign for the pro star, too. On one afternoon during the week her husband Larry, a good club player, had been extended to three sets in a pickup match before beating Chris' little brother John, age 11.

Sure enough, in Saturday's semifinal under a hot sun, Evert beat King in straight sets 6-4, 6-2. King suffered a leg cramp late in the second set, and put up no contest the last few points. Whether it was the clay, cramps, the Chreese-loving crowd, weariness from 10 months of hard work or—as hinted by husband Larry—a case of mononucleosis, the tennis King got a royal beating. The next day she forfeited the consolation match to Durr and with it the \$2,000 difference between third and fourth places. She was No. 1 in the world, but still No. 2 in Florida.

In the final, Evert beat Australian pro Kerry Melville 7-5, 6-4 and hoisted her year's hypothetical winnings to \$47,000, which was not had at all for a grim-chewing high school senior. Most of last week's \$25,000 jackpot stayed right in the pockets of Virginia Slims and the other sponsors, but a donation may be made to Evert's school in nearby Fort Lauderdale.

The tennis was good and should have held everyone's undivided attention, but a tournament is not worthy of the name these days unless it is spiced by haggling. The show at Boca had a junky squabble, one that might result in two women's pro tours in 1973, something comparable to the Ice Follies and the Ice Capades, or Roller Derby and Roller Games. Already, Chris Evert finds herself uncomfortably in the middle.

The opposing forces are the USLTA,

continued



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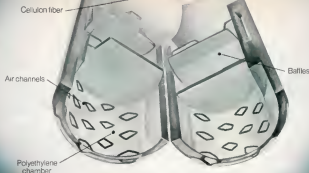
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which intends to get into the business of promoting women's pro tournaments for the first time, and the new Women's International Tennis Federation (WITF), which has most of the big-name pros: King, Melville, Court, Nancy Gunter, Rosemary Casals—and a fat bankroll from Virginia Slims cigarettes and other sponsors. WITF has announced a 13-tournament winter-spring tour with prize money of \$400,000, up \$128,000 from this year. The USITA has also circulated a list of tournaments, including Forest Hills and the Maureen Connolly Brinker tourney in Dallas. Details were hazy, and a WITF partisan called it "the phantom circuit: no critics, no sponsors, no players."

If the two factions do not get together, and they were miles apart after talks in Boca Raton, the USITA probably will arrange once again to ban the women pros from Forest Hills and Wimbledon and suspend them for the fifth time in two years.

The brains behind the WITF belong to Gladys Heldman, a former calculus teacher, mother of pro Julie Heldman and publisher of *World Tennis* magazine. She is an aggressive, self-appointed gadfly of the sport who does not worry about the Eastern brass. In fact, she plans to throw a Fifth-Suspension party. While others use the terms Women's Loh or WITF, she calls her troops "the little broads." Earlier this year, when she was still on good terms with the USITA, outgoing President Bob Colwell walked into her house one day and she threw her arms around him.

"Boh, I dig USITA presidents," she said.

"Yeah," he said, "you dig their graves."

It was she who put the Virginia Slims circuit together two years ago. In 1970 the Pacific Southwest Open in Los Angeles offered a \$12,500 first prize to the men, only \$1,500 to the women. Eight of the top women pros asked Heldman to organize a replacement tournament for them, on short notice, with cigarette promotion money to help, she put together a \$7,500 event in Houston, her headquarters. Out of that grew the pro circuit, which won begrudging sanction from the USITA through suspensions. King, who had won less than \$40,000 in 1969, soon became a tycoon.

Orange and Merion, two tradition-rich grass tournaments, have each lately offered a total of \$1,000 in prizes to the women, but it seems unlikely that many top players will bother with such paltry sums anymore. Heldman has organized satellite and qualifying tournaments that hold much more promise. For example, Wendy Overton, a tall, attractive blonde from Florida, started as a qualifier, worked herself up and this year, although never reaching a final or managing to beat King, finished the tour as the eighth-leading money winner with \$22,350.

"It takes so much of my time," said Gladys Heldman of the circuit, "that I have no time to swim, play tennis or even drink anymore."

The USITA announced at Boca Raton that it had given "final authority" over women's tennis to Edy McGoldrick, from Wellesley, Mass., who is lively, personable and well organized enough to manage six children and a 14-room house without servants. The pros like her and Heldman likes her, but few of them believe that the male officials of the USITA will back her decisions.

Into this mess by Dec. 21 or sooner steps Chris Evert, who is, Australia's Evonne Coolidge notwithstanding, the hottest property still uncommitted. If the USITA does come up with a circuit, Evert may well join it, along with perhaps Coolidge and Virginia Wade of Great Britain because she wants to have a shot at winning Wimbledon and Forest Hills. But she refused to announce a decision at Boca Raton despite pressure from the WITF and the press to do so.

"She isn't being fair to tennis to wait until Dec. 21," said King. "I wanted to play at Wimbledon as badly as anybody this year but was willing to forgo it to help tennis. The women don't have it made, not yet. We'd like to have her. Chris is a star. She's young. People want to see her play."

Would King consider playing a USITA circuit? Ha!

"I'd rather go with the group that has been behind me for two years when times were rough than one that's just trying to jump on the handwagon," she said.

"The little broads will stick together," said Gladys Heldman.

END

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Maybe it will fit the bill

Marlin have a disconcerting way of throwing hooks, but a Hawaii fishing skipper is perfecting a hookless lure that may be too lethal

There are several easy ways to catch fish. One is with a net. Another is with a hand grenade. The hardest way is with a hook. Except for commercial longliners, hooks are largely the province of game fishermen, and they range in size from the bent pin the boy angler dangles at catfish and bullheads to the substantial barbs trolled on 130-pound-test line for giant billfish.

Hooks have caught some pretty big billfish, among them Alfred Glassell's 1,560-pound world-record black marlin and Cornelius Choy's 1,805-pound Pacific blue marlin (no record because Choy, a charter captain, set the hook for the three couples in his party and they took turns wrestling with the rod). Hooks also have missed a lot; it would be safe to say that for every billfish brought to the gaff or close enough to release, five shake free.

Is there a better way to fish for the marlin, the sail and the sword? Captain George Parker thinks so. A charter-boat skipper who first realized the potential of the now-famous blue marlin grounds off the Kona coast of Hawaii, Parker devised and is attempting to patent a "hookless lure" that he believes will not only revolutionize sports fishing but will make a considerable contribution to the scientific study of billfish migration.

Parker more or less disclosed his invention at the recent International Billfish Symposium in Hawaii. More or less is the operative phrase—he described the lure in general terms but refused to display it to the assembled sportsmen and scientists. Seldom has an unseen object provoked more furious debate.

The subject of lure variations had not been on the agenda, and Parker startled his listeners by introducing it. "Gentlemen, we don't have a very good mousetrap, do we?" he began. "Here at Kona we have six to nine strikes for every fish brought to gaff. But why do we use hooks? The billfish has hooks built right into its bill. Why not use a

hookless lure that will be effective 90% of the time and will bring the fish to the boat harm-free?"

Parker then revealed that for the last four years he has experimented with a hookless lure of his own design. "We have taken more than 100 marlin on the lure," Parker said, "and have not lost a fish that struck it. The length of the fight is usually determined by the weight of the tackle—big fish can be taken on 80-, 50-, 30-, even 20-pound line. There is no blood in the water to attract sharks, and if the fish is released he has a much better chance of survival."

Elwood K. Harry, executive vice-president of the International Game Fish Association, immediately rose to attack the concept. "He's talking about an entangling device," Harry said. "There is nothing new in the idea. The whole question of the use of entangling devices came up eight or nine years ago. No angling skill is involved. Once a fish is entangled, he can't get loose. That isn't sport or commercialism."

Next, Dr. C. Richard Robins of the School of Marine and Atmospheric Science at the University of Miami suggested that it is the fight—and not the hook—that often kills released fish by creating unrepayable oxygen debt. "If the goal is to tag fish," Robins said, "a lure that would set the tag when the fish strikes and then break away would be desirable."

Parker was asked if he thought charter parties would accept the hookless lure, particularly if the fight were shortened and the fish released. "They have and they will," he said. "No one likes to pay \$160 for a long boat ride and few strikes. Sometimes they won't even see the fish. Of course, they're not going to release *all* fish. Almost every fisherman wants a picture of himself with a big one hanging from the gantry. But I've found that most of my charters in the last few years have preferred releasing most of their fish.

"As for the IGFA," Parker continued, looking defiantly at Harry, "they are in business to protect old records made with fish taken on bamboo rods with cut-throat or linen lines. They have resisted every angling improvement—first nylon line, then monofilament, glass rods, the Hawaiian double-hook lure. Let's not give up a lure that gets the fish on the line. Angling is playing the fish, not setting the hook."

The session ended without further discussion of the lure, but the controversy bubbled on for days. Peter Goudby, a renowned game fisherman from Australia, was in vehement opposition. "There's no secret," Goudby said. "I could make one. You could make one. It's just the old wraparound—nylon threads flowing out behind an ordinary plastic lure. There's no sport in it. A bill-wrapped fish loses his leverage for the fight. He can't escape. Even if he's released, the hall of thread around his bill will kill his speed by creating drag. Besides that, it will drive him crazy. How would you like to go around with a big ball of twine around your nose?"

While no one can be sure that a hall of nylon around a marlin bill will annoy the fish as much as a ball of twine around a human nose, Goudby's view had a good deal of support, some of it from Parker's fellow charter skippers. "George says he invented the lure four years ago," protested one of them. "I've known about rag-mouth lures for the last 12 years. George is trying to make a dollar." Others criticized Parker for using the symposium to promote what they considered a private venture.

The reaction, however, was not entirely negative. A Kona fisherman who has seen and used the lure warmly endorsed Parker's claims. And Paul Caughlan, a member of the Port Hacking Game Fishing Club of Australia, approached Parker for details and was promised a sample lure when (and if) the patent is granted. Unlike his fellow Australian, Goudby, Caughlan had not heard of wraparound lures.

Neither had he until his invention, George Parker insisted. "I've been fishing with sportsmen from all over the world for the last 20 years," Parker said, "and none of them had ever heard of this kind of lure when I put on it in 1968. I discovered the principle by accident. I had a fish on the deck and I

continued



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FISHING Continued

was using a nylon rope. One end was frayed and when I tossed it down, it wrapped around the bill. I couldn't get it off and that night I couldn't sleep for thinking of it.

"I got up about 4 a.m. and made a crude prototype. I had a bill in the deep-freeze. I woke up my son and told him to hit the bill with the lure. He did—and together we couldn't get it loose. The next day I had a 71-year-old man who had fished with me for years as a charter. He agreed to try the hookless lure on one outrigger. He got a 150-pound marlin on 80-pound test. That was the beginning. Of course, the lure is very different now."

What Parker had discovered is that the rough, sandpapered surface of the bill grabs nylon thread the way a magnet holds iron filings. Parker says that his refined version does not create a large ball of thread around the bill, that the marlin does not lose its fighting abilities by this attachment of the line forward of mouth-hook locations; that even after a long fight on light tackle, the fish—unscarred and unblooded—has a far better chance to replenish its oxygen and survive than one attracting sharks with its own blood; that the lure can be modified to provide distant breakaways with plastic tags for purely tagging operations, or equipped with a transistorized transmitter for tracking if scientists so desire. Such tracking devices, until now, have been implanted in the fish's back with hooked darts.

Whether Parker's lure entails a patentable principle, and whether a commercial lure company will then produce it, are questions yet unanswered. Parker says he is negotiating with a West Coast tackle firm, but if an agreement is not reached he will manufacture the lure himself. Another question, one that concerns him less, is the lure's acceptability to the IGFA. There are no prohibitions in Hawaii against the use of such a device, and it seems certain that Parker charters will rely on it in the future. If, as Parker believes, use of the lure will triple charter catches, some of his dissenting fellow skippers will have little choice but to adopt it. At tournament time, of course, if the IGFA maintains its present position, it will be hooks again.

"I hate to think of all that blood out there," George Parker says, ecologically and perhaps economically.

END

Memoirs of a bottle:



A fellow named Pat Sands got a raise one day and brought me home that night. He wanted to celebrate with something special. I was flattered.

Pat's neighbor dropped by to borrow a little vermouth for a Rob Roy and remembered he didn't have any Scotch either.

There was a little less of me when Pat came home after opening his paycheck with his new raise. After taxes, he wondered if he got a raise at all.

Pat's poker party took a lot out of me.

Pat's buddies, Dick, Don and Nick came over one night and I sensed that I wasn't long for this world.

That empty feeling tells me I was right.





From Sea To Speeding Sea

The Cannonball was an outlaw auto race—unsanctioned and definitely unwise—but off they went, roaring their way toward L.A.

by BROCK YATES

Mad enterprises seldom have cogent beginnings and I can't recall with any clarity why the idea for the Cannonball Baker Sea-to-Shining-Sea Memorial Trophy Race rolled up in the first place. It came to me at the office, that much I remember, and the idea was met with general apathy, punctuated by isolated reactions of hostility. Still, I was delighted with the plan: a free-form race from New York to Los Angeles, à la the old open-road contests of the early days of motoring. In an age when every facet of our lives is being organized and codified it seemed that an all-out run from coast to coast might act as an appropriate protest in behalf of adventure and old-fashioned enterprise.

Unlike other motor races, which operate within a thicket of rules that would rival the postal service, the Cannonball Baker would be undertaken with a minimum of regulations. Its

continued

purposes could be articulated in a matter of a few words: "Entrants must drive a land-based vehicle of any configuration, with any size crew, over any route they choose, at any speed they deem practical, between New York and Los Angeles. The car covering the distance between the start and finish in the briefest time will be the winner. There are no other rules."

Naming the event after Cannonball Baker was appropriate. Cannonball was a great cross-country record setter in the early days, establishing numerous nonstop records that still stand. Perhaps his greatest feat was crossing the U.S. from Los Angeles to New York in 60 hours in the late 1920s. Driving a Franklin, Cannonball made the trip alone, on a network of two-lane highways that penetrated practically every city and town along the way. A remarkable accomplishment under any circumstances, but to pull it off within the relatively primitive travel environment of the Roaring Twenties placed Cannonball's trip in the realm of the miraculous. While the old gentleman had long since passed on, it seemed to me that he would have been amused and perhaps a little pleased to find another effort at cross-country record-setting being undertaken in his memory.

Because of the tightening noose of traffic laws, flat-out travel on the public roads in the United States is a sub-rosa, antisocial endeavor, much like cockfighting and crap shooting. In fact, nobody had made any serious attempt to set a coast-to-coast record in years, although several automotive journalists, public-relations men and such prone-to-exaggerate, untrustworthy types had informal claim to having made the trip in the neighborhood of 44 hours. With the ever-expanding Interstate system, I knew

this time could be reduced sharply through some serious, nonstop running.

While a number of my friends reacted with predictions that the participants would spend the rest of their days rotting in an Oklahoma jail, a substantial number of lunatics within the sport rose up to say they would like to take part. It suddenly became a serious idea. Why not do it? In addition to the obvious challenge of driving, tactics, route choice and type of vehicle to be used, it seemed that the Cannonball Baker offered an opportunity to make some interesting symbolic statements about the general state of driving in the United States. If a group of good drivers could run coast to coast in really brisk time, it might serve notice that our laws needed radical updating in the face of modern realities.

The first Cannonball Race was a private coast-to-coast test: two friends, my son and I drove a Dodge Sportsman van with 360 cubic-inch engine, air conditioning, radar detector and one small refrigerator. We left Manhattan one midnight in May and pulled into the Portofino Inn at Redondo Beach 40 hours and 51 minutes later. We were convinced that this was the outright record.

And so began the ultimate, serious Cannonball Baker Sea-to-Shining-Sea Memorial Trophy Race. The first challenge came in a telegram from the Polish Racing Drivers of America, a tongue-in-check collection of car freaks that had been formed by Brad Niemcek, a New York public-relations man, and Oscar Koveleski, a well-known amateur sports-car racer and auto accessory marketer. The wire read, "This constitutes formal entry by the Polish Racing Drivers of America in the next official Cannonball Baker Sea-to-Shining-Sea Memorial Trophy Race. The drivers are Oscar Koveleski, Brad Niemcek and Tony Adamowicz. If we can find California, we'll beat you fair and square."

That was it. We had a race. While they refused to take anything with complete seriousness, the PRDA weren't fooling about the Cannonball. Their third driver, Tony Adamowicz, was one of the best young professional prospects in the nation. What's more, a follow-up phone call by Niemcek indicated that they were building a specially modified Chevrolet van with enough auxiliary gas tanks to make the trip nonstop. We had made 15 stops for fuel in our van, which had kept us sidelined for a total of one hour and 15 minutes, and their plan to go the distance made sense.

We decided to go on Nov. 15, after the racing season had ended and the roads had cleared of vacation traffic. The first order was getting a faster car. While our test-run van, nicknamed Moon Trash, had been a marvelous machine, its limited top speed—perhaps 105 mph—and stock fuel tank presented severe handicaps in the face of the PRDA challenge. Car collector Kirk White of Philadelphia offered a solution. Within his stable was a 4.4-liter Ferrari Daytona, a slippery, ground-hugging coupe with a V-12, four-cam engine and five forward speeds—considered to be the fastest road automobile built. Its top speed was in the neighborhood of 175 mph, and with a large gasoline tank cruising ranges of 300 to 350 miles could be expected. My only problem was finding a co-driver.

Why not get a real, honest-to-God racer? I called Dan



Gurney. He loved the idea and I could hear him chuckling as I explained the Cannonball to him. He accepted. Then he called back a day later to decline. He mumbled about pressures from sponsors and how a man in his position shouldn't be out roaring around on the public highways. I understood. I called Phil Hill. A perfect choice. After all, Phil was America's only world champion, a title he had won at the wheel of a Ferrari back in 1961, and he was an excellent highway driver. Phil said it sounded like fun, but he was simply too busy to go.

"What are you going to do about the cops?" he asked.

"What about the cops? I figure we'll have to treat them just like other road hazards: like ice, rain, snow," I said.

"Yeah, but if you get caught. . . ."

"You know, Phil, your reaction is typical. Every guy I talk to about the Cannonball asks right away, 'What about the cops?' like they're the most fearsome thing on earth. Look at yourself. You spent half your life risking your neck in a race car, and yet the thought of getting a traffic ticket sounds worse than a 200-mph crash at Le Mans."

"That's madness, isn't it?" he said, reflectively. "I suppose we've been so preconditioned that it's a reflex action. Good God, I'm terrified about losing my driver's license. How screwed up can our priorities get?"

As the word of the Cannonball spread through the underground of the sport, more and more entries began to surface. My phone began to jangle constantly. As the originator, or Dr. Frankenstein, of the Cannonball, I was the source of unending calls from people who wanted to enter; who had entered and were dropping out; who would enter if I could find them a suitable car, or who thought the whole thing was childish madness.

Larry Opert, a Cambridge, Mass. lawyer and sometime SCCA club racer, entered with a pair of friends, but said, "Unfortunately we don't have a satisfactory car, but we'll have that problem solved by race time." He wouldn't elaborate on his plan.

Robert Perlow, a graduate student from Hofstra University on Long Island, said he was prepared to compete with his MGB-GT coupe but was having trouble finding a riding partner. Acting as a matchmaker, I rooted through the lists of interested people who had called and teamed Perlow up with Wes Dawn, a California television technician and club racer who wanted to use the Cannonball as a high-speed hitchhike to the West Coast.

Moon Trash was back in the program, despite some misadventures. An associate, Jim Williams, had crunched the front end (including the expensive quartz-iodine driving lights) in a chain collision on the West Side Drive, and Jim Stickford, Chrysler's area public-relations director, had worked long and hard to arrange for a quick repair. The new crew would be Kim Chapin, a regular contributor to *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, and Steve Behr, a competent young race driver who, among other accomplishments, shared the distinction of being the highest-placed (12th) American finisher in the history of the famed Monte Carlo Rally. In phoning to announce that Moon Trash would race, Behr noted, "In the Cannonball, we'll be sneaking along trying to avoid the police. In the Monte Carlo, they stand on the side of the road and flag you through



the tough spots. That says something about our philosophy on law and order. I think."

Eventually, eight teams entered the Cannonball, the last of these roaring across the country just in time to make the start. Ed Brucerton, a supermarket manager in Oakland, Calif., and his younger brother, a California college student, left their home a few days before the Cannonball, drove south to the Portofino and ran across the country in reverse as a sort of reconnaissance. Their car was a tired AMX sport coupe with 90,000 miles on the odometer.

Everybody was ready except me. Then, the evening before we were to gather in Manhattan for the start of the race, the telephone rang. It was Gurney. We exchanged a few niceties, then I asked him why he had called. He paused for a moment, then said, "I'm ready to go on the Cannonball."

"Are you drunk, or have you lost your mind?" I asked.

"I don't know, maybe a little of both," he said, laughing. "But I've had a change of mind about the whole thing. Something I read. I'll tell you about it when I get there. I've decided we just can't sit on our fannies anymore. Everybody's terrified of offending somebody, and I almost got caught in that trap. I'm jumping on the red-eye out of Los Angeles right now. I'll meet you just before the start."

Beautiful. I hung up knowing that the Ferrari would be used the way old Enzo had intended it to be used.

continued

A friend's apartment on 35th Street was to be the rendezvous point for the racers and the actual start would be at the Red Ball Garage, a typically grubby Manhattan commercial parking establishment on East 31st Street between Third Avenue and Lexington, chosen because it was near midtown and because its staff would be calm in the face of almost any lunacy involving automobiles. Because everybody had intended to start about midnight, we had scheduled a drivers' meeting at the apartment for 10:30 p.m. Slowly the place began to fill up: the Bruerton brothers staggered in, unshaved and exhausted. They had just completed their 44-hour, nonstop run from California and announced that they were going to sleep for eight hours before restarting.

Larry Opert burst in, smiling. With him were his two friends, Ron Herisko, a law partner, and Nate Printzer, an engineer. They had a car, they announced, thanks to *The New York Times* and the unconscious generosity of a wealthy Long Island man. Determined to find a car to race in the Cannonball, the three men had looked in the *Times* classifieds in search of a "driveway" deal—an arrangement where one drives another's car to a destination for nominal expenses. This is a common tactic used to transport personal cars by people who don't like to drive long distances. The Long Island gentleman wanted his new Cadillac Coupe deVille driven to California. Opert & Co. obliged, nodding hazily at his firm orders that his prized machine not be driven after nine o'clock at night, not before eight o'clock in the morning and not run faster than 75 miles an hour. Naturally, all the regulations would be violated before the car left Manhattan.

The Polish Racing Drivers arrived, decked out in full, Nomex driving suits. The room was full of good-natured banter, as if nobody was thinking of the 3,000 miles that spread out before us.

Then the doorbell rang over the din, and there was Gurney. There was that familiar chiseled face, revealing half the age of its 40 years, the firm mouth set in a crooked, little-boy grin. Dan Gurney is a big man—6' 2" and perhaps 200 pounds—so big, in fact, that he spent much of his career on the Grand Prix circuit wedged into tiny cockpits that had been designed for smaller men, racing sort of sideways, with one buttock perched on the seat. He was wearing a tweed sport coat, a navy-blue pullover and khaki pants. He carried only a shaving kit. Dan obviously intended to get the trip over with in a hurry.

The drivers' meeting was brief. I outlined the rules once again, noting that we would start from the Red Ball at timed intervals, with the PRDA going first. They had, after all, requested the "Pole" position—pun intended. The team arriving at the Portofino Inn in Redondo Beach in the briefest elapsed time—to be documented by the electronic time clocks at the Red Ball and at the Portofino's registration desk—would be the winner.

The cars had been parked on the main floor of the Red Ball, lined up under the harsh light of the bare ceiling bulbs. There was a van entered from Little Rock, Ark.,

parked alongside the red and white PRDA van, with its flanks covered with sponsors' decals and large type proclaiming, "The Polish Racing Drivers of America go Coast to Coast nonstop!" By contrast, Moon Trash had been painted, from bumper to bumper, in an ominous coat of flat black. Crouching beside it was our Ferrari Daytona, its mirror-polished, royal-blue paint glinting in the raw light. The elegant finish was highlighted by a masterful network of yellow pinstriping, and its fenders were amply covered with decals from sponsors that Kirk White's staff had attracted to help defray expenses. Gurney's and my name were displayed in neat lettering under the windows. It had been the first time I'd seen the car up close and its appearance was a trifle stunning. "Holy cow, it's been cunningly disguised as a racing car!" I gasped.

Wind was kicking up litter on 31st Street as the midnight starting time approached. While the first four cars departed, Gurney and I went off to gather some provisions at an all-night delicatessen. We bought a few large blocks of Swiss cheese, a batch of gum, some chocolate bars, peanuts and some cans of soft drinks and Gatorade. We added a large Thermos of hot coffee and a jar of chewable Vitamin C tablets—a most useful remedy for the dryness in the mouth and nasal passages that seems to trouble long-distance travelers.

We rolled the Ferrari out of the Red Ball and into the dark street. As a cluster of friends stood by, Gurney and I fitted our gear around the seats and wound ourselves into the elaborate seat belts and shoulder

harnesses. We were ready. Already the PRDA, the Cadillac, the MG and the Little Rock van were on the road.

Dan would drive the first leg. He cranked over the engine, and a potent, whirling rumble rose out of the Ferrari's long hood. He flipped on the headlights and the black leather cockpit glowed with the soft green luster of the large instrument panel. A friend stamped our ticket on the Red Ball time clock—our official record of departure—and amid a tiny chorus of windswept cheers, we accelerated away, roaring down 31st Street toward the Lincoln Tunnel and California. We went about 200 feet. The stoplight at the corner of 31st and Lexington winked red as we approached, and we sat there through its full cycle. Every crosstown light then conspired to stop us, and we were immobilized at seven intersections before reaching the tunnel.

Our route was to be different from the others. While most planned to head directly westward to the Pennsylvania Turnpike, I'd decided that a more northern route across Interstate 80, with a subsequent cut south to Columbus, Ohio, was fastest. It was a trifle longer, but IS 80 had less traffic and patrols than the Turnpike and appeared to permit higher cruising speeds. It had to be reached via a series of inconvenient two-lane roads in New Jersey which were thick with slow-moving tractor-trailers in the daytime. However, in the deep of night, and with Dan driving with relish, we traversed the slow section with an average speed that approached 60 mph.

The Cannonball race episode is an excerpt from the book *Sunday Driver*, by Brock Yates, to be published Nov. 13 by Farrar, Straus & Giroux, Inc.

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Cannonball continued

In the process of trying to reach various road maps, lights and other paraphernalia, I found my movements restricted by the safety harness. I un-snapped the latch and let the belts fall free. "That's better. At least I can move around," I said.

"These damn things," complained Gurney. "I'm taking mine off, too. They drive me nuts." So off we went on a headlong rush to California, our lifesaving belts crumpled on the floor of the Ferrari.

Gurney began to hit his stride as we reached the broad expanses of Interstate 80. He was cruising the Ferrari at 95 mph—a virtual center. At that speed it was so positively in contact with the road that Gurney complained it was boring to drive. To understand the excellence of a machine like the Ferrari, one has to have driven a thoroughbred sports car. There is no other way. The fact remains that cars such as the Ferrari, Maserati, Porsche, BMW, Mercedes-Benz and Jaguar have a poise and élan at high speeds that is virtually beyond the realm of comprehension for the average American driver.

Lights appeared behind us. Thinking it might be the Highway Patrol, we backed off slightly and let the car overtake us. It was a Camaro, cruising at about 100 mph. Gurney watched it sail past, then accelerated to keep pace. I knew he wouldn't let the Camaro stay ahead. He opened the throttle plates on the Ferrari's 12 carburetor throats, and the big car clawed ahead, gobbling up the distance to the Camaro. We rocketed past, the Ferrari seeming to make quantum leaps in speed, much like a jet plane on takeoff. The engine noise increased slightly, but hardly to objectionable levels. The Camaro's headlights dwindled in the distance. "That's 150, as steady as you please," said Gurney.

Dan eased back to an indicated 120 mph and we cruised down the deserted road, cutting over the humpbacked Allegheny Mountains of central Pennsylvania without effort. Gurney was driving with one hand and drinking coffee with the other when we sighted a dim pair of taillights far ahead. Again, it could be the police, so he slowed down to about 100 and approached cautiously. I have 20-20 vision. I see well at night. Yet I was still trying to get some rough identification of the vehicle ahead when

continued



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Cannonball continued

Gurney answered, "It's O.K., it's only a Volkswagen," and got back on the throttle. Sure enough, it was a Volkswagen lurching along there in the dark, and I silently pondered the power of Gurney's eyesight. It is said that most great drivers possess uncanny eyes, but I had never taken that seriously. Now I was a believer.

I napped sporadically while Dan sailed onward, running for an hour in excess of 100 mph and increasing our trip average to 81 mph. That was exceptional time, but neither of us expected it to hold up across the country. Three hundred miles from Manhattan we stopped for gas. I had leaped out and stuffed the pump nozzle into the tank before the sleepy attendant had gotten out of his chair. Dan in the meantime had lifted the hood and was making a routine check of the oil. This pit-stop procedure would be repeated for the entire trip, with me concluding the stop by stuffing a wad of dollar bills (brought specifically for that) into the startled attendant's hand, leaping into the Ferrari and sporting back onto the highway. In this manner we were able to keep most of our stops under five minutes.

Again Gurney's miraculous eyes identified another pair of taillights. This time it was a Pennsylvania Highway Patrol Plymouth and we slowed accordingly, falling obediently into his wake at 65 mph. It felt like we were walking. We reached Columbus in 6½ hours and 15 seconds, one hour ahead of the time set by Moon Trash. We presumed ourselves to be far ahead of the rest of the entrants. The sun was bringing a bright, warm morning to the Midwest and we felt great. Purring along Interstate 70 in western Ohio, Dan began honking the powerful air horn at the herds of cows and porkers that lined the fences. Not one animal even raised its nose at the sight and sound of the blue Ferrari Daytona whistling past at 100 mph.

Dan had been at the wheel nearly 12 hours when we reached St. Louis. He claimed he felt fine and I believed him. After years of being around automobiles, one can sense a change in the reactions and movements of a driver; his very cadence with the car alters when he becomes fatigued. Gurney was in excellent shape. As the traffic got slightly heavier west of St. Louis, we backed off our speed to about 85 mph, keeping a steady

eye for the law. We passed three pimply youths in a GTO and they tried to race us. Gurney, racer to the end, responded. The Ferrari shot ahead, and, witnessing that awesome burst of acceleration, the boys gave up.

Slooching back in his seat, driving with his left hand and nibbling a hunk of Swiss cheese held in his right, Dan began to chat. It was our first really steady communication since leaving. The deep concentration necessary to drive quickly on the highway required the full attention of us both—Gurney driving and me navigating, computing fuel stops and average speed. But now the big cat was merely loafing and we began to talk.

"You told me you were going to explain why you changed your mind and came on this nut-ball trip," I said.

Gurney paused for a second, gathering his thoughts. He is inclined to do that, to fall silent, his square jaw set, his eyes glazed in a faraway look, while he carefully composes a reply. He is a complicated man—infinately deeper than his public image as an affable all-American nice guy. While he is engaging and easy to reach in public, he is essentially a private person, subject to dark moods and a mercurial temper. Most experts believe him to be among the very best race drivers who ever lived.

"This race, it was kind of a turning point for me," he said. "When you first called, it sounded like a great idea, a real lark. Then I began to think about my sponsors, about their reaction to my doing such a thing. I was letting concern for myself get in the way of my real feelings. What in the bleeding hell is that worth? Anyway, somebody had given me an essay by Ayn Rand. It's called a 'Moratorium on Brains,' and it deals with the rising power of the Federal Government and the loss of individual freedoms. Now I'm no great Ayn Rand nut, but this particular thing hit home. There I was, sitting around worrying about my image, when I thought the Cannonball could be an act of protest, a kind of personal adventure that could prove that we still know how to handle ourselves without a cop stationed every 50 feet on the highway. So I said, to hell with it, and I decided to come." When was the last time Ayn Rand sent somebody on a cross-country motor race? I wondered if Miss Rand would consider driving down a highway at 100

mph as a healthy objectivist outlet.

I took the wheel for the first time in mid-Missouri. Dan had driven 14 hours and 35 minutes. A long time, to be sure, but the near-mystical ease with which the Ferrari gobbed distance made the time less amazing.

Racing drivers make notoriously bad passengers. They generally trust no one but themselves, and some refuse to ride with anyone at all. Therefore I tried my very best to put Gurney at ease. After an hour of his watching me like a mother hen, I saw his body relax and slide back in the formidably leather passenger's seat. "I think I'll catch some rest." He slouched in the corner of the car, resting his head against the window. I drove on, as proud as if I'd just taken the checkered flag at Indianapolis.

The sun dropped behind a thick bank of clouds in the west, luring us into our first full night on the road. I drove for eight hours before Dan took over. We were maintaining our average at 83.5 mph. As we reached the New Mexico border, a nasty thunderstorm lit the sky with ominous orange fireballs and sent sheets of rain pelting against the windshield. It turned to sleet, and thickets of fog lurked in the dips of the highway. But I slept. With a man like Dan Gurney at the wheel, I think I could have rested if we'd been traversing the South Col of Mount Everest.

We reached Albuquerque in the 24th hour of our trip, convinced that not one of our competitors was within three states of us. As we stopped at Gallup, N. Mex., we spotted several approaching cars with their grillwork smudged with snow. We had just crested the Continental Divide and were heading for the high country of eastern Arizona. If we were to encounter ice, it would be in this dark and desolate stretch. I called the Highway Patrol from a gas station while the attendant leisurely filled the tank and Gurney sipped a can of hot soup from a coin-operated vending machine. We were getting cocky and the urgency of our earlier gas stops had given way to a kind of relaxed elegance reserved for big winners. The phone operator at the Highway Patrol was vague: some snow squalls, some fog, perhaps a little ice, but nothing alarming. With the temperature sitting somewhere in the low 30s, I took the wheel and headed for the mountains.

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I might as well have talked to the Highway Patrol in Honolulu. The lights of Gallup still winked in the valley below when the highway became sheathed in a thick layer of slush, punctuated by long stretches of hard ice. First came the fog, then fat lumps of wet snow flung into our headlights, cutting visibility to zero. The Ferrari was slewing all over the road. It was nearly uncontrollable and we couldn't understand why our wonderful machine had become so inept in the face of this nasty, but hardly unusual, squall. Dan figured it out. He recalled that the crew had increased the tire pressure to 40 pounds for added safety and efficiency in the high-speed dry stretches. Surely they hadn't anticipated snow. The tires, of course! As we were debating whether or not to stop and cut the pressure to perhaps 26 pounds—which would mean a doable penalty with more time lost when we hit the desert to reflate—a quartet of headlights blazed in my mirrors. A car was overtaking us at high speed, seemingly navigating the ice without difficulty. It disappeared in a patch of fog, then surged alongside and swept past. It was a cream-colored Cadillac. Gurney and I paid it little attention, still engrossed in strategy talk about what to do with our slipping tires.

"Wait a minute!" I yelled as Dan was an misdemeanor. "That Cadillac. That thing had New York plates! That couldn't be those three guys from Boston?" Or could it? Stunned, horrified that any other competitor could be that close, we pressed on, trying to narrow the distance between us and the fleeing Coupe deVille. "If those guys are with us, where are the PRDA and some of the others that left earlier?" Gurney wondered. "In the lead, hell. We may be dead last!" I said bitterly.

The lights of the agricultural inspection station on the New Mexico-Arizona border loomed out of the fog and snow. A car was stopped under the canopy. Its trunk was up. A smiling man with a heavy shock of black hair was standing beside the machine—a cream-colored Cadillac with New York plates—while a uniformed official probed through the luggage.

"Oh no, that's Larry Operi," I moaned. "Those are the guys, and they're blowing our doors off!" They squirted away into the night as we

stopped for our inspection. Realizing there was precious little room for any dangerous quantities of wormy peaches or infected chickens to be stowed on board the Ferrari, the officer let us pass after a few routine questions. Our cockiness of a few miles back had given way to shocked despair. Our only comfort lay in the knowledge that the Caddy had started about 20 minutes earlier, and was therefore still behind us on elapsed time. But what about the others? Surely *somebody* was in front of the Caddy. We rushed through the night. Fortunately the roads were improving and, while they remained wet, the ice was disappearing. The fog lifted for a minute and we saw their taillights, perhaps a mile in front. As the road and visibility cleared, we began to gnaw at their advantage, although the Cadillac seemed to be running in the neighborhood of 100 mph on the straight stretches. Mile after mile we traveled, losing them for long periods in the gloom, then catching tantalizing glints of red up ahead. We had them in sight by the outskirts of Window, Ariz.

They pulled into a gas station. As the team leaped out under the brightly lit canopy, I gave them a blast of the Ferrari's air horns. They waved wildly as we accelerated past, no doubt figuring we would have to stop soon ourselves. We had chased them for more than 100 miles in a frantic period that had seemed to have been condensed into minutes. Most of the road between Window and Flagstaff, 58 miles away, was deserted, dry Interstate, and I kept the Ferrari humming along at a steady 125 mph—a speed that could not be exceeded without overrunning the range of our headlights.

We were fully awake now, vibrating with the idea of the newfound competition. We had not sought it out; in fact we would have been perfectly content to pitter on toward California at a leisurely pace. But now that the Cadillac was surely thundering down the road behind us, its gas tank topped off and set to run for hours, we readied ourselves to play our trump cards. That meant Dan would take over at Flagstaff in preparation for a run down our secret shortcut—a pair of moves that might put us back into the lead. My earlier run with Moon Trash had revealed that by taking Arizona Route 89 south

to Prescott, then cutting toward the desert and Interstate 10 we could trim at least half an hour off the trip. To our knowledge, everyone else would take the conventional old Route 66-Interstate 40 network that was slightly shorter but more congested. Admittedly, our route was more dangerous. It involved negotiating the endless switchbacks on the 15-mile stretch of Route 89 through the Prescott National Forest and the mind-boggling plunge down a mountainside south of Yarnell, where the road featured minimal guardrails and thousand-foot drop-offs.

Our stop for gas in Flagstaff was slow, and, when we got under way again, with Dan driving, the Cadillac had caught up. We immediately passed it after returning to the Interstate. Operi and Co. were running the big crock at its maximum, perhaps 115 mph, and it was easy to see how they had not lost any time with their stop. Their tank was smaller, and therefore more quickly filled, and their top speed at night was only a few miles per hour less than ours.

Gurney was opening gaps of distance on the Caddy as we rushed down the winding, pine-bordered, four-lane. It was a lovely stretch of road, made even more beautiful by the thick layer of snow that had fallen on the trees earlier in the night. But the highway surface seemed clear, and Dan was running 125 mph when we sailed onto a bridge that was part of a long, downhill bend to the left. Then, suddenly, Gurney was jabbering and his hands began a series of blinding twists of the wheel. "This is glare ice! Glare ice! This is BLINDING GLARE ICE!" he repeated with increasing volume as he slashed at the steering wheel. I had been in the middle of a statement about something I cannot recall the exact subject) and I remember that I kept on blathering throughout the trip across the bridge, as if my brain had decided that if I did not acknowledge Gurney's alarms, perhaps the ice would go away. Thanks only to the talents of Gurney, we traversed the bridge with just a slight twitch of the Ferrari's tail. Because he so skillfully maintained control of the car, only he will ever know how far beyond the ragged edge we had traveled.

"That's enough of that," said Gurney as he slowed down. "Race or no race, we aren't going to wipe ourselves out

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Cannonball continued

on ice like that, Man, that was scary, and I don't mind telling you I didn't like it one bit!"

We cruised onward, our speed reduced to a modest 70 mph, and I was relieved to see the Caddy's lights pop up behind us. They had slowed, indicating they also had encountered a few thrills on the hedge.

Thanks to the lower altitude, the road to Prescott was bare. It was a wide, level stretch of two-lane, virtually deserted, and Gurney ran the entire 51 miles with the speedometer needle glued on 130 mph. Whisking through Prescott we plunged into the National Forest. Mile after mile of tight, mountainside switchbacks whispered underneath us. The masterful timing and discipline of Gurney became more apparent with each passing yard. I sat there in admiration, watching him run quickly and easily through the nasty turns, never squealing a tire, never wasting a motion on the steering wheel. I had witnessed a virtuoso playing with a priceless instrument, and it came to me that this had to be the peak of excellence that every driver must aspire to. Surely all men cannot be Gurneys, but such lofty goals still must remain, as opposed to the current egalitarianism that presumes all drivers are helpless dolls who must be packaged in mediocre, crashproof capsules lest they hurt themselves.

The dusty cut beyond Yarnell was traveled with similar ease and suddenly we were on the desert floor. Flat, open road lay between us and Los Angeles. Down in the way and Gurney upped the pace to 140 mph across the desolation.

The lawman caught us on a back street in Quartzsite, Ariz. I'd spotted his car, a mud-brown Dodge Highway Patrol sedan, parked in front of a run-down café at the roadside. The car had been empty, indicating that he'd been having his morning coffee when we'd ripped past, doubtless rattling the windows in the little place. I'd told Gurney about the car, then kept my eyes focused on the café, watching for movement. I saw headlights flick on. "He's coming. He's chasing us."

"He'll never catch us," Dan said.

"He's gaining. He must be running 140 miles an hour!" I reported.

We sat there, speeding along in limbo, trying to understand what to do. There was no sense trying to elude him on a

side road. There were no side roads. Out-running him was out of the question. A short distance ahead was the Arizona-California border on the Colorado River. He could easily radio ahead and stop us at the agricultural inspection station. We drove onward, as if in a trance, letting him close the gap.

"We'll turn off in Quartzsite and get some gas. Maybe he'll miss us," said Gurney. He sailed onto an off-ramp and scuttled down a back street. Sighting an empty self-service gas station, he braked the Ferrari to a stop. Perhaps our pursuer in the mud-brown Dodge hadn't seen us get off the Interstate.

Perhaps he had. We had barely shut off the Ferrari's engine when the boy's form of the Dodge, its twin gun-hall roof lights flashing crazily, slewed to a halt in the gravel beside us. A tall, lean patrolman in a starched khaki uniform leaped out. His glands still pulsing from the pursuit, his feathers ruffled in a kind of cock-tooster triumph, he marched over to Gurney and curtly demanded license and registration. Little more was said as he strode back to his car and removed a pad and pencil. We stood there, the silence broken only by the furry, electronic jabbering from the patrol radio and the hushed background rumble of the Interstate traffic. The officer obviously recognized Gurney.

Ripping the ticket off the pad and handing it over, the Highway Patrolman, as if to signal the end of the official business, turned to regard the Ferrari for a moment, then asked, rather affably, "Just how fast will that there thing go?"

"C'mon out on the freeway again and we'll let you find out," Gurney snapped stormily.

Fortunately the officer chose to take Dan's crack as an attempt at humor and let us go. Although he had spared us the agony of being dragged off to a justice of the peace, which would have consumed perhaps an hour, the incident had used up at least 10 minutes. "That does it, we've probably lost for sure," I said dejectedly as we pulled back on the Interstate. "What really kills me about a deal like that is the whole absurd logic of high-speed pursuit. If we are being unsafe at 120 mph, isn't he at least *doubling* the hazard by driving even faster than we are just to catch us?"

"It's simple enough," said Gurney. "Those guys are just like you and me;

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Cannonball

continued

they like to drive automobiles fast. Imagine having a license to go flat out anytime you wanted."

A smile spread across Gurney's face. "The cop was wondering how fast this thing would go. Let's find out." The Ferrari began to gain speed, whisking easily to 150 mph. The car felt smooth and steady. There was not much wind noise, considering the velocity. "There's 170!" said Gurney. The needle pushed its way around the big dial, then stabilized at 172 mph. Gurney laughed. "This son-of-a-bitch *really* goes," he said in amazement. "And it's rock steady." He took his left hand off the wheel and we powered along toward Los Angeles, the Ferrari rushing through the desert morning at 172 mph.

"You think we ought to turn back and answer the cop's question?" I asked. But our amusement from the 172-mph run was only temporary. As we slipped back to a more normal cruising speed, we both decided that the delay from the ticket had ended our chances of winning the Cannonball. We stopped for gasoline in Indio, Calif., where our general discouragement led to more torpor and lost time. Once on the road again, with the end in sight, we managed to perk up, drawing on our final reservoirs of energy. "Listen, at least we ought to try to make the trip in under 36 hours. If we can do that we can't shame ourselves too badly," said Gurney.

We were back in it again, running hard. To reach our goal we had a little more than two hours to run about 130 miles—practically all of it over heavily patrolled Los Angeles freeways. "You watch out the back for the Highway Patrol, and I'll run as fast as I can," said Dan. I turned in my seat, scanning the off-ramps and the passing traffic for the familiar black and white California Highway Patrol cruisers. Gurney drove through the building traffic with incredible smoothness, seldom braking and never making severe lane changes. We took the Riverside Freeway to the Newport, up the Garden Grove to the San Diego. Traffic was heavy, but we still had a chance. We turned off at the Western Avenue exit and hustled through three miles of heavy urban congestion, heading for Redondo Beach and the Portofino Inn. The masts and spars of the Redondo Beach Marina appeared and Dan accelerated the Ferrari the last few

yards into the inn's parking lot. I was out of the car before it stopped moving and sprinted into the lobby, where a pair of mildly shocked bellhops looked up to see this unshaven, grubby form rush up to the desk. The clerk punched our ticket. We'd made it.

Our elapsed time was 35 hours and 54 minutes. What's more, no one else had arrived. We were the first car to finish. Unless Moon Trash or the Bruerton brothers bettered our time, we were the winner. Groggy and filthy, we staggered upstairs to a room to shower and shave. Suddenly we felt great. The tiredness drained out of our bones as the impact of what we'd managed became clear. We'd crossed the nation, a matter of nearly 2,900 miles, in less than a day and a half.

With the Pacific Ocean puffing a soft breeze in the balcony window, Dan ran a comb through his hair and turned serious. "You know," he said, "the best thing about this whole deal is the fact that we came the entire distance without bothering anybody. Nobody else even knew we were on the road."

"Except that cop," I mused.

"I don't count him. I'm talking about the average guy out there with their families. We did it all without them having the slightest idea of what was going on. As long as you can do something without endangering anybody or inconveniencing them, how can you say that something like the Cannonball Baker is wrong?"

Leaving that question unanswered, we went back to the lobby to find that the PRDA had arrived. As I had expected, they had been forced to make a fuel stop in Allouquerque. They also had engaged in a 200-mile duel with the Cadillac, running with it from Needles, Calif. to a point where they had sneaked away on a shortcut in Los Angeles. Their time was 36 hours and 47 minutes and they hadn't been bothered by the police. Nine minutes later the Cadillac thundered in. They'd been stopped in Needles, giving them a grand total of five speeding tickets for the journey. How had they gone so quickly? By running the car flat out between stops, they reported. The Cadillac had survived the trip without difficulty, save for consuming a quart of oil and evidencing some prematurely worn tires. They only faced one more problem: the owner wasn't expecting del-

ivery of his car for four more days.

Then came the Little Rock van and Moon Trash, both of which had encountered minor mechanical problems which had slowed their pace. Word was received that the MG had blown its clutch in Columbus and had staggered back to New York. As the hours passed, it became obvious that no one was going to beat our time. For whatever it meant, we had won the Cannonball Baker Sea-to-Shining-Sea Memorial Trophy Race. The *Los Angeles Times* mentioned the race briefly, noting our time and quoting Dan as testifying that "we never exceeded 175 mph." They no doubt thought he was kidding.

I slept a night and headed home alone, me and the Ferrari. I felt great. I stopped at a music store and bought some eight-track stereo tapes for the car's tape deck. We hadn't used it on the trip, but at a more leisurely pace on the way home they would provide pleasant company. Country-and-Western seemed appropriate. Cruising across New Mexico, with the guys high in the cabs of the giant Kenworth and Peterbilt semitractors tossing friendly waves, I pondered what the whole thing had meant.

A yellow 4-4-2 Oldsmobile Cutlass appeared in the rearview mirror. It was running fast, coming up on me at an impressive rate. Two guys were on board and I sensed that they were looking for a race. They drew even and we ran along for a way nose to nose. I looked over to catch eager grins on their faces. I smiled back and slipped the Ferrari from fifth to fourth gear. We were running a steady 100 mph when the Olds leaped ahead. I let him have a car-length lead before opening the Ferrari's tap. The big car burst forward, its pipes whooping that lovely siren song, and rocketed past the startled pair in the Oldsmobile. I glanced over at them to see their faces covered with amazement. Like most of the populace, they had no comprehension of an automobile that would accelerate from 100 mph that quickly. The Ferrari yowled up to 150 mph without effort, leaving the Olds as a minuscule speck of yellow in the mirror.

I slowed again and turned up the volume on the stereo. Buck Owens and his Buckaroos were sonorously singing *I've Got a Tiger by the Tail*. I laughed all the way to Las Cruces.

END

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"Don't take any more chances than you have to, Eva," warned Ben as I plunged overboard. Several minutes later (it seemed like an hour), he was swimming beside me with his 35mm camera when suddenly . . .



"... a black form surged toward us. I could see the Manta's mouth—big enough to swallow a man whole. And as I hitched on to his back, I remember hoping I hadn't arrived in time for the midday meal.



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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

COVERAGE

Sirs,

As a native of Beaver County, Pa., I am always glad to see hometown figures receive national recognition such as your Oct. 9 cover story on Joe Namath. But it is thoroughly disappointing when an event that completely eclipses Joe's is put somewhere in the inner pages.

Roberto Clemente's 3,000th hit, a feat achieved by only 11 men in the history of baseball, is in my opinion much more deserving of your cover.

ANDY BENEDICT

Southgate, Mich.

Sirs,

When Roberto Clemente put on one of the greatest single performances in World Series history, you gave us Gus Johnson elbowing Dave DeBusschere on the cover. And now, after Clemente has achieved 3,000 hits, we see Joe Namath's smiling face for the eighth time in seven years. When Henry Aaron and Willie Mays made their 3,000th hits, you put them on the cover and also featured them in major articles. Clemente's feat gets only a few lines on pages 47 and 115.

JIM FIDLER

Wyckoff, N.J.

Sirs:

Your failure to make Roberto Clemente your Oct. 9 cover subject typifies the indifference with which sports journalists have viewed the outstanding career of one of baseball's all-time great players.

Roberto's 3,000th hit is easily as notable a milestone as those of Henry Aaron and Willie Mays. Yet Clemente, whose lifetime batting average and four batting titles are highest among active players and who stands out as the best Latin American athlete ever to perform in the United States, has appeared on your cover only once, July 3, 1967.

My recommendation for Neil Leifer's 101st cover is Roberto Clemente. Give him the recognition he deserves!

JOSEPH P. O'DONNELL

Cambridge, Mass.

FACE-OFF

Sirs:

I am glad to see that you have a hockey writer who knows what he is talking about (*Hockey* 72-73, Oct. 9). Mark Mulvey tells it like it is in the NHL East Division. Although Boston has lost some talent, he states, "Still, there should be just enough Brann left to beat New York." The New York Rangers have a fine team, but they can't play a physical game.

JOHN ACCARDO

White Plains, N.Y.

Sirs:

Never in my life have I read such a biased job of reporting as was done by your Mark Mulvey. Every other sentence was Brains, Brains and more Brains. That is except when he was putting the knock on the New York Rangers. When he got tired of cheap-shotting the Rangers, he picked on the New York Islanders. And then for dessert he threw some unnecessary barbs at the New York Raiders.

Just because the Rangers decided not to be as tightfisted as the other NHL powers, they are painted as traitors. Mulvey's assessment of Brad Park was most interesting—and most misleading. I can assure you that the Rangers would not pay \$250,000 to a player who was not among the best in the league. Mr. Mulvey thinks differently. All he talks about is Bobby Orr's knee. Brad Park almost singlehandedly carried the Rangers to the Stanley Cup. As it was, they came close to winning. But Mr. Mulvey conveniently skips over this little tidbit of information. I shudder to think of the state of the world's learning if we all had Mr. Mulvey's driving cynicism. Or is it more of that Brain bias?

PHILLIP C. KIRSCHEN

Parlin, N.J.

Sirs:

I guess the Buffalo Sabres will have to make the playoffs this year or your writers will continue to belittle them. After all, they are going into their third year in the NHL and haven't won the cup yet! There are 15,360 people (or more) at nearly every Sabre game, including people who drive 60 miles (I do) for each game and pay handsomely for a season ticket. We love the Sabres and especially Gal Perreault, the best center in the league. Why not pick on another team now and then? Buffalo will be good, I promise.

JAMES KOHLER

Silver Creek, N.Y.

Sirs:

I think you did a good job reporting on the upcoming hockey season, especially on the WHA. But I don't see how you can pick a team like Winnipeg over a team like the Minnesota Fighting Saints. The Saints did not just go for two or three of the star players in the NHL; they filled their lineup with proven players.

JIM GLASTON

New Hope, Minn.

EX FOR TROUBLE (CONT.)

Sirs:

I have waited a long time to see my sentiments expressed in print, and Tom Mes-

chery's article ("There Is a Disease in Sports Now...," Oct. 2) could not have done it better. Thank you for having the honesty to publish it.

Someone once told me that hockey was one of the few sports left where love of the game was still keen. Now that bubble has burst. Heaven only knows what will happen to swimming after Mark Spitz.

I hope the right people, i.e., the owners, the players and the press, will read Meschery's article, do some deep thinking and take positive action to redirect sports in this country.

MARINA RUBIN

Fort Worth

Sirs,

Hopefully this article will be read and understood by many who love basketball and sport in general. All is not right with the game—or business—of sport, and Tom Meschery artfully poses this out. His love for the game is obvious throughout the article, which makes his indictment all the more powerful. My hope is that there will be more voices like Meschery's speaking from within.

CHARLES P. McQUILLON

Vicks, N.C.

Sirs:

Tom Meschery is a sensitive and perceptive man. I believe he reflects the attitude of many people who follow college and pro basketball. That loyalty and integrity have fled from the game is sufficient evidence that big-time basketball today exists not for the purpose of entertainment but for obtaining more and more money by any means possible. Perhaps the people who love the game most, the fans, should voice their disgust as Meschery has done. Maybe then the businessmen who control basketball will finally realize that some of its original ideals must return.

PAUL HAVILL

Phoenix

UP FUJI

Sirs,

John William Lee's narrative describing his out-of-breath ascent of Japan's sacred Mt. Fuji ("Ye Gods! What's Up?," Oct. 2) provided two types of information. First, his story brought to your readers an insight into what a memorable experience a climb up faraway Mt. Fuji can be. Second, his physical condition can be likened to the poor and dangerous physical condition of many people today. Using Mr. Lee as an example, perhaps he could have enjoyed the physical beauty of his unexpected hike more and worried less about the state of his heart,

continued

On his last hunt, Major Hocum smoked a cigarette stamped with his family crest.

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The First Great International Track Meet

In the autumn of 1895 a British track team took on the Americans in New York, only to discover that once again England had come a long, long way to get beat by revolutionary methods

by JOHN A. LUCAS

International athletic competition of any real note or importance was virtually unknown in late 1894 when the New York Athletic Club issued a challenge to its powerful counterpart in London. But the idea caught on fast and the proposed track and field event came to be viewed by many as a matter of national pride and physical strength.

On both sides of the ocean the selection of team members was of greatest concern. John C. Gulick, secretary of the NYAC, received a friendly letter from Mr. S. K. Holman, secretary of the London Club, stating that the noted Scottish sprinter, C. A. Bradley, had recently joined his organization. "I wish to point out now," said Holman, "so as to forestall argument on the subject, that Mr. Bradley has recently joined, and has done so, I believe, expressly for this competition." No argument came from New York City, instead the NYAC began a thorough canvassing of the nation's track and field talent with membership invitations for the very best. With the international event now established as no casual affair, NYAC Team Captain Hugh Baxter gathered an impressive group of athletes together at the club's private grounds on Travers Island. Nothing was denied the team in the way of food, lodging and expert coaching.

The last pesky legal matter was cleared up on Aug. 15 when William B. Curtis, president of the Amateur Athletic Union, replied to a July 29 letter from NYAC President James Whitely. In essence, the document acknowledged that in this instance hard-line policy regarding club membership might weaken America's chances of winning the all-important match. A dispensation allowed the NYAC to pick any American athlete for membership, which was fortunate, in view of the fact that the enterprising New Yorkers had already selected a magnificent national team to meet the British on Sept. 21, 1895 in New York.

The British team consisted, as did the American, of a combination of club and college athletes. The winner of the an-

nual Oxford-Cambridge track meet was to cross the water to take on Yale, and both school groups were then to become part of their national teams.

Leeds's Beeble pointed out that the match was in reality one with "all England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales, versus all America."

Quoting, Harper's Weekly, Leeds's Weekly and New York's newspapers filled their columns with talk of the meet, predicting record crowds, world record performances and a close match.

On Sept. 4 a thousand people welcomed the British ship *Arcturion* upon its arrival in New York. After a reception and dinner at the Murray Hill Hotel, the British athletes, "a lithe, well-bronzed set of men," split up, the college men from Cambridge proceeding to New Haven as guests of Yale, and the club athletes remaining in New York as guests of the NYAC, with arrangements to practice at the Berkeley Oval.

For a full week both groups expressed complete satisfaction with their accommodations, track facilities and the management of their training regimen. Then a circumstance over which their hosts had no control began to trouble the visitors: a relentless 90° heat became hothouse. Several Brits took to complaining of chronic fatigue, and, in addition, two athletes reported pulled muscles. None of this prevented British Manager Monique Shearman from predicting that his team was going to win all the flat races.

By midday on Saturday, Sept. 21 the temperature on New York City's Manhattan Field was a sizzling 96°. Over 10,000 hooting, partisan, patriotic, but jovial spectators were on hand, with both sexes helping to jam the stadium. "The new woman," suggested the *New York Herald*, "is nothing if not athletic, and the thousands of girls talked as keenly on the situation as their escorts." Among the many distinguished spectators were James Whitely, president of the NYAC, former president August Belmont, Mr. and Mrs. John Jacob Astor,

correspondent Richard Harding Davis, artist Charles Dana Gibson, amateur sports leader James E. Sullivan and the city's police commissioner, Theodore Roosevelt. Out in the center of the green oval field a brass band was blowing holes through the fiery atmosphere.

It was two o'clock when the English athletes arrived, looking very brown and rugged as they strolled down the cinder path toward the clubhouse. They were dressed in splendid colors, one sporting a maroon sack coat, another a pair of lavender trousers, still another a pea-green smoking jacket. The few not in competition smoked pipes and distributed advice. There seemed no lack of confidence about them: they laughed and chatted and joked among themselves as though international contests were an everyday occurrence.

The half-mile run was the first event. Two contestants from each club had been selected, with only first-place winners to count in the scoring. "Get in position," cried starter A. A. Jordan. Charles H. Kilpatrick and Henry S. Lyons, the Americans, stood poised shoulder to shoulder with English champions Frederick S. Horan and Charles H. Lewin. "Set," shouted Jordan, and the crack of the pistol sent them on their way. Lyons and Lewin led briefly but yielded to Kilpatrick just beyond the quarter-mile post as the crowd of 10,000 yelled like madmen. The American's strength on the last straightaway was too much for the now oncoming Horan and Kilpatrick finished 20 feet ahead in 1:53½, a new world record by a half second.

There was a pause while the band played *Oh, Mrs. O'Flaherty's What Do You Think of That?* and then the sprinters came out for the 100-yard dash. The crowd lapsed into comparative silence. Bernard J. Wefers and a celebrated intercollegiate champion, John V. Crum, were the U.S. representatives, while Charles A. Bradley and H. G. Stevenson ran for Britain. All got off to a good start from the new crouching position. At the 50-yard mark Wefers was a step

continued



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behind Crum, but he came on very strong and burst through the yarn in 9.8 seconds. He had tied the world record and set the tempo for the remainder of the afternoon. The British team was down two points.

The mile was next. Britain's best miler, P. E. Bacon, had failed to make the trip, so William E. Lutyns was alone in facing George Orion and Thomas Conneff, the magnificent Irish-American distance runner. After three uneventful laps, Conneff left Lutyns staggering and won in the excellent time of 4:18½. Then came the 220, with Wefers and Crum facing Alfred Downer and Gilbert Jordan. After another good start, it was Wefers who gradually forged to the front while Downer pulled up lame. A group of 3,000 strained to see from the heights of Deadhead Hill outside the enclosure, while inside there was a delirium of excitement as Wefers went over the line five yards ahead and ran smack into a big policeman. His winning time of 21½ seconds was another world record, and the team score stood at four points for the U.S. and 0 for Great Britain.

While these races were going on at the track, one of the top field performances of the 19th century was unfolding at the high-jump pit. A B. Johnston of the London team had failed three times at 5' 10" and his teammate, Reggie Williams, had missed at 6'. This left two New Yorkers to fight for the honors: S.A.W. Baltazzi and the peerless Michael F. Sweeney, owner of the world record at 6' 5½", a height some eight inches higher than his own. Baltazzi proved unable to clear 6'. Sweeney, a powerfully built Irish-American, stepped off 10 paces from the bar, made a mark and walked back another 15 feet. His approach would be head-on, at a 90-degree angle to the handkerchief-draped crossbar. The crowd groaned and groaned again as Sweeney narrowly missed his first jump and his second. On the last attempt, he approached with quick short strides, followed by what poetic newsmen were later to describe variously as "a little mincing jump, like a lady in a minuet," and "a dance step that would have captivated a French master." Whatever it was, Sweeney used it with great effect. Accelerating, crouching and lengthening his last three strides, he catapulted off the ground, rose for the bar, cleared cleanly, half on his side, half on his back

and landed in the cradle pit. The officials from both countries, losing all sense of dignity, did a dance. Three mighty cheers burst from the grandstand and were echoed all around the field. Even the two beated Londoners rose and clapped their hands and cheered with the rest. The band played *Hail to the Chief*. A careful measurement gave Sweeney another precious fraction, and his official clearance was recorded as 6' 5½".

The Americans continued to swamp the British. In the 16-pound hammer throw, the massive James S. Mitchell easily defeated his teammate, Harry P. Cross, and the little, square-built Englishman, George S. Robertson. Mitchell won the event with a toss of 137' 5½". The 16-pound shotput was more of the same as George R. Gray, NYAC, won with 43' 5" and left his English opponent away back in third place with 34' 7". All the while the band kept up a steady blast of patriotic airs that must have seemed dirges to the visiting athletes. In the broad jump the English were again inadequately represented, and the Boston stylist, Elwood B. Bloss, won with 22' 6". In the 120-yard high hurdles, Stephen Chase surprised the two English hurdlers, Godfrey Shaw and William J. Oakley, with a time of 15½ seconds. This world record, however, was disallowed as Chase had knocked over the second barrier. The English team captain, Shaw, was a yard back.

The closest and most exciting race of the day was the 440-yard dash. Britons Gil Jordan and W. Fitzherbert were pitted against Americans Thomas E. Burke and George M. Sands. On the backstretch Sands was leading by 20 feet when, according to the *New York Herald*, "suddenly Jordan, the Englishman, shot by Burke at a sprinting gait, and set sail for Sands, whom he passed as though the New Yorker was standing still. Before Burke knew where he was the Londoner was 15 feet ahead and only 75 yards from the finish." The crowd roared as Burke dug down and went after the big redhead with the eight-foot stride and "the spring of an ostrich." Five yards from the finish both were on even terms. A supreme effort, and the American went ahead by a margin too close to measure. Tumult raged. The exhausted Englishmen walked gloomily off the field. Their comrades on the clubhouse balcony sat with their heads buried in their hands.

The last event, the three-mile run, could be nothing but anticlimax and it turned out to be a funeral procession. Conneff and Kilpatrick of New York had as rivals Horan and E. J. Wilkins. Kilpatrick dropped out after five laps. Conneff moved up, passed Horan and ran on the heels of the game Wilkins until the last lap. Then the American made his move and sailed home an easy winner in 15:36½.

In the end, the Americans had won all 11 events and either broken or tied four world records. The English were obviously overconfident, undertrained and incredulous at American performances. The shocked visitors competed like men and lost like gentlemen, with the possible exception of the tight-lipped leader of the English team, Montague Shearman. Shearman grumbled the hope that the rigid American system of training a small group of specialized gladiators would never infect his own nation's larger, voluntary, self-trained and joyous approach to athletics. His sarcasm was biting as he pointed out that "the machinery of the New York Athletic Club, with its free training stables—I mean tables—was ready to train anybody with ability."

He failed to take note of the substantially important fact that for three months prior to the fall contest the entire American team had practiced correctly and hard—and twice a day. The result was a remarkable American performance in the first important international meet.

The following year, 1896, the first modern Olympics were held in Athens and the track and field events were again dominated by the United States—with a team distinctly inferior to the NYAC team of 1895. Only Thomas Burke of the former group competed, winning both the 100 and 400 meters. E. H. Clark of the Boston Athletic Association took both the broad and high jumps at Athens with a distance and height that would not have come close to winning earlier in New York.

That America should have triumphed again with an almost entirely different team bespeaks an even greater national depth of track ability than was realized at the time. It wasn't many years before much of the world was using the training methods that Britain's Montague Shearman had found so deplorable in 1895.

END

lungs and legs if he had taken time to do some type of exercise regularly. Regardless, let's be glad Mr. Lee returned from his hike tired but no less the worse for wear.

JOHN SHOUSE

Colorado Springs, Colo.

Sirs:

I climbed Mt. Washington in New Hampshire this past August and was disappointed by how civilization had encroached upon the summit. However, after reading John William Lee's account of the fifth and overcrowded Fujiyama, a mountain I thought naively to be a pristine, isolated peak not often attained, I realized how relatively unspoiled Washington is in comparison. Thanks for the warning, Mr. Lee; that's one mountain I won't waste my money, equipment or eyes on.

DAVID CORR

Petersmouth, R. I.

WHITHER MARIA?

Sirs:

The story by Robert Boyle (*One Man's Family*, Sept. 25) was most interesting to me, a lady who is not a football fan but is interested in the air we will breathe.

You broke the "news blackout" that it may be nine years before the New York Giants have their new home in the Jersey Meadowlands—and, let us pray, never there. The question of where the Giants will play for the next nine years was left unanswered.

THELMA J. KNOX

New York City

Sirs:

Robert H. Boyle was terrific on Wellington Maria. It's refreshing to read about a man so forceful yet so gentle. He's a success not only on the football field but also on the home front.

SANDY DOHERTY

Seattle

THE KICKER

Sirs:

My congratulations on your article about Jan Stonerud (*There Was Another Kick Corner*, Sept. 25). When you're a goat, people forget all the good things you do, like 16 straight field goals, etc. Ron Reed did a fantastic job bringing out this fact.

TOM RAMSON

Highland Heights, Ky.

VOTE BILLY

Sirs:

How ironic that you mention Billy Williams in your SCORECARD (Oct. 2) as a player who receives no attention although he has been one of the most consistent hitters in the N.L. for the past 30 years. You mention the fact that the MVP award usually goes to a player with a pennant winner.

continued

The Seiberling Four Seasons. A bull in snow. A whisper on pavement.

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haverhill's

SALES

19TH HOLE • continued

but two other Cubs, Hank Sauer in 1952 and Ernie Banks in 1958 and '59, were not with pennant winners.

JAMES A. GASPRICH

Brielle, N.J.

Sirs:

Thank you for finally remembering even though you won't have to replace your typewriter ribbon after the brevity of the article) the most underpublicized superstar in major league baseball. Year after year Billy Williams hits for average, hits for power, drives in runs, scores runs, makes the defensive plays—for what? Sure, his team has never won a world championship, so therefore he's not the MVP, right? Wrong! It takes more than one bat to carry a team. Did Johnny Bench do it all by himself two years ago when the Reds won? Not hardly. He had a lot of help from a lot of teammates. But their help won him a National League MVP. Neither Bench, nor Stargell, nor Clemente nor anyone else deserves the MVP as much as Williams. Maybe when you are second you try harder? Billy tries harder and deserves some long-overdue recognition.

GAIL SCHLESINGER

Cibola, Ariz.

SPORTSMEN

Sirs:

I would like to nominate Roberto Clemente, perhaps the greatest Pirate of all time, as Sportsman of the Year. Clemente and make the 3,000-hit Bacco a happy one.

SILV SCHLESINGER

Pittsburgh

Sirs:

I hereby nominate Steve Carlton of the Philadelphia Phillies for Sportsman of the Year.

His statistics alone should be sufficient to justify this, as he leads the National League in strikeouts, 310, wins, 27, and complete games, 30. He is second in N.L. shutouts, eight, and in innings pitched, 346, and his ERA is 1.98. All this for a ball club that lost 97 games.

However, gentlemen, all the above figures are not the prime reason for my nomination. In a community where professional sports fans hunger for even a 500 ball club (of any sort), this bright shining image with No. 32 on his back has brought us a ray of hope. It was perhaps best exemplified the evening he won his 20th game. More than 42,000 fans applauded Steve and requested his appearance after the game's conclusion. He walked silently back and tipped his hat in a gracious and humble manner.

When the thousands of hands made contact, it was the most eerie sensation I've ever had. Steve's ability to be a man,

ronaldson

IS YOUR WATCH PULLING A FAST ONE ON YOU?



According to your watch
you're about to miss your train.

So you skip breakfast, jump in
the car, get a \$15 ticket speeding
to the station and what do you
find?

Your watch lied.

There's plenty of time before
your train.

Now if you had an Accutron
watch, things would be different.

It doesn't have a mainspring
or a balance wheel that can make
ordinary watches fast or slow.

It has a tuning fork move-
ment that's guaranteed honest to
within a minute a month.*

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breakfast, jump in the car, get a
\$15 ticket speeding to the station
and what would you find?

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19TH HOLE —HAYWARD

throughout the season, is further reason I hope he is justly rewarded. Not only as a sportsman but as a gentleman.

JOHN McKEE, JR.

Havertown, Pa.

KRAM'S ALLEY

Sirs:

After reading Mark Kram *Live Call Him Shoberb Ali*, Oct. 2) I am left with a draining feeling of just plain old reportorial pedantic punditry. Perhaps the magazine Mr. Kram writes for should be called *Sports Obscured* rather than "Illustrated."

After sifting through the verbiage slung by Mr. Kram, I wonder who the heck won that fight, anyway? Was it light or debate? Fists or forebats?

I need not a description of paths, in the ring. I take it everyday on the highways and on the job, not to mention Monday night football telecasts!

Why can't we just have the facts? Please.

RON A. DUTTLE

Silver Spring, Md.

Sirs:

Thanks to Mark Kram for his *Shoberb Ali*.

Loyal Patterson in my opinion is a splendid boxer. He is able to beat Oscar Bonavena and last seven rounds with Ali at the age of 37.

As for Muhammad Ali, he is nothing less than fantastic. After his great showing against Patterson and his superb performance against Jerry Quarry, I am most certain he can whip Joe Frazier. I feel if Ali trains hard enough he can dispose of Frazier and regain the heavyweight crown.

DAVID TORT

Scarsdale, N.Y.

NO PICNIC

Sirs:

I'm sure I speak for thousands of my fellow 16-inch softball players when I applaud your recent coverage of our game (*Last Slow, Keptfast*, Sept. 25).

Slow pitch, 16-inch softball is anything but the intramural, picnic, beer-soaked laxative many sports fans unfortunately identify with our game. Our sport, on the good park league or industrial level, in Chicago and elsewhere, is a skilled athletic contest played by athletes who are often more dedicated than the professional sports brethren.

It's time that our game and our athletes got some national recognition, and I commend SI for granting it.

WILLIAM E. CARELLY

Chicago

Address editorial mail to **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

TOUGH!



AC Spark Plugs keep you going when the going's tough

You've got to be tough to win the Pikes Peak Auto Hill Climb. Racing the clock up 14,000 feet of twisting, turning mountain road. And your equipment's got to be tough, too.

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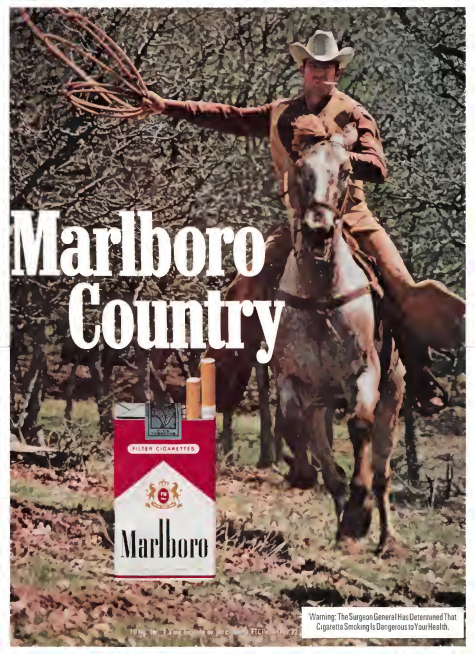
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AC keeps you going when the going's tough



AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION

A full-page photograph of a cowboy on a horse in a wooded area. The cowboy is wearing a light-colored cowboy hat, a tan jacket over a dark shirt, and tan pants. He is holding a lasso in his right hand, which is extended outwards. The horse is dark-colored with white markings on its face and legs. The background is a dense forest with bare trees.

Marlboro Country



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